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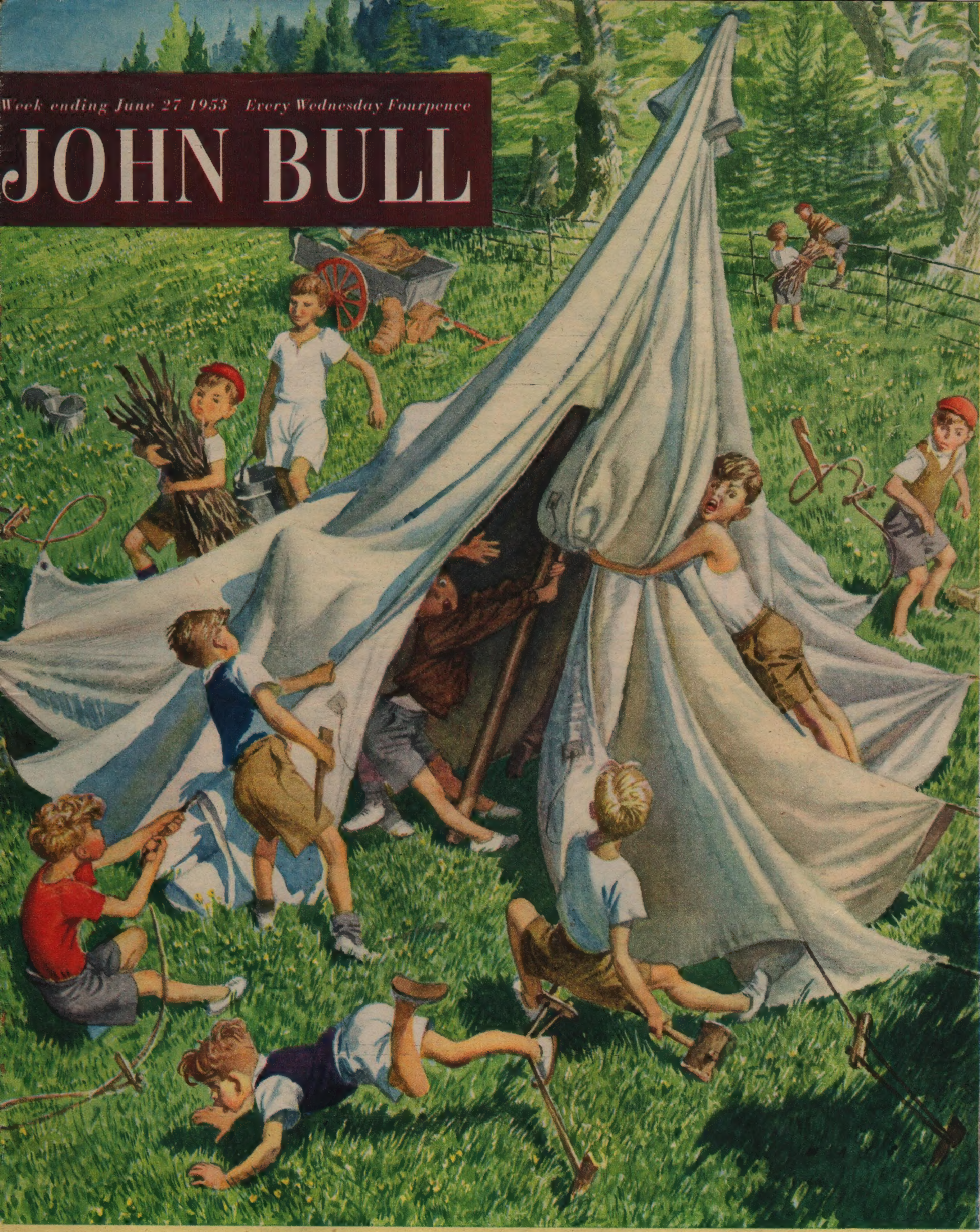

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1755-5

EDITORIAL

Needless pain

THE Minister of Health has ordered an inquiry to find out why so many women in childbirth are still not being given analgesia to relieve their pain.

For although 94 per cent of midwives have been trained in the use of the "gas and air" apparatus, they have used their training to give relief to only 61 per cent of mothers having their babies at home. This compares with 80 to 100 per cent in hospitals.

In many country districts the figures are far worse. In some parts of Northern England and Scotland it falls below one birth in five.

"IF it were the man who had the baby, every garage would be stocked with analgesia equipment!" cried Mrs. Norah Hinks, of Birmingham, at a recent Women's Liberal Federation conference.

MRS. NORAH HINKS
"If men had babies . . ."

There is no shortage of analgesia apparatus for home births. No ban against analgesia is enforced by any religious community.

Progressive doctors — and we must face the fact that not all are progressive—back the demand for universal analgesia. Mr. Frank Reynolds, a noted women's surgeon, told the British Medical Association: "Sweep away prejudice and bring relief to the mothers who bear their babies at home."

Many people believe that prejudice or indifference on the part of some doctors robs some mothers of relief. This seems to be supported by the fact that the midwives' use of apparatus is less when they are acting under doctors' orders than when they are superintending the confinement themselves.

PARTLY, this may be because difficult confinements may require the latest drug, trilene; at the moment, trilene equipment is bulky and calls for a skilled anaesthetist. In these cases the early use of simpler analgesias might make the later use of trilene dangerous.

The Medical Research Council must intensify its study of how trilene can safely be used by midwives, and speed the provision of light, easy-to-use apparatus to replace the present complicated and heavy machinery.

AS a way of saving money on hospitals, the Ministry of Health has started a new campaign to encourage more mothers to have their babies at home. But this will mean suffering unless the relief which is usual in hospitals is also given by midwives and general practitioners in the homes of the people.

Mothers who ask for pain-relievers are entitled either to the drugs or to a reasoned explanation why they are not being given.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

DOUGLAS L. MAYS has often enjoyed watching boys delight in the crisis of weekend pioneering shown in this week's cover. But, after recent weeks of roughing it under canvas himself, he has a less sentimental view of camping. Mays is moving to Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, next month. While preparing his new home and grounds, he, his wife and three young daughters have lived between the kitchen and a tent rigged up outside in the garden.

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FREE SPEECH

It's a queer world at the age of three

THE OTHER DAY, I had to make a long detour as I came home from shopping, because my three-year-old son suddenly refused to pass a house with a revolving chimney cowl. When we reached home, I tried to talk him out of his fear, without effect.

I was quite worried about this quirk of his, until my neighbour called. I told her of my experience, and she looked astonished and relieved. "My daughter refuses to pass a pillar box," she said. "But it doesn't seem so odd now." We compared notes with other parents. So far, the list of things which frighten the three- and four-year-olds includes cobwebs, railway engines, drain covers, greenhouses, father's pipe, bowler hats and an assortment of traffic signs. We cannot recall similar dislikes, and we're wondering if the postwar generations are extra sensitive about strange objects.—MRS. D. P., Leeds, Yorkshire.

Royal Money

I WAS surprised to read an account in "Free Speech" of Princess Margaret handing the Lord Mayor of Sheffield a halfpenny in exchange for a silver penknife. I thought Royalty never carried money.—M. C., Kent.

A Buckingham Palace spokesman says: "This is a complete fallacy. Members of the Royal Family may carry money like anyone else. For example, they can be seen contributing to the collection when they attend a church service."

Pigeon Post

BEFORE entering the water at Southsea swimming pool one morning recently, a young swimmer reverently handed a square basket to the attendant. At midday, he retrieved his basket, and opened it. To my surprise, a pigeon rose into the air, circled, and flew off. As the lad dressed, I heard him say to the attendant: "He'll be home in a few minutes, and Mother will know I'm on my way."—D. C. S., Hampshire.

Students' Seasons

YOUR footnote to Mr. B. Ward's letter on railway fares for scholars ("Free Speech," May 23) has unearthed one of the many anomalies of present-day rail travel. But the concessions you mention apply only to season tickets for children living at home. In Scotland, such scholars under fourteen enjoy season tickets at one-third rate, and those between fourteen and eighteen travel at half rate.—RAILWAY CLERK, Scotland.

Cheque Business

RELATIVES who have travelled in many countries visited Maidstone with me the other day. We admired a garment in a shop, and I decided to buy it, offering a cheque. My relatives were astonished when the assistant said: "If you pay by cheque, madam, we must hold the article for four days." In all their travels abroad, they had never known such a thing to happen before. — MRS. CONSTANCE R. GREEN, Bidborough, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

"More and more business houses in Britain are accepting cheques without waiting for the bank to clear them," reports the National Chamber of Trade. "But it's up to the retailer, and he may want to exercise a natural caution. People presenting cheques are usually asked to write their name and address on the back."

Testimonial Tact

TWICE within a week I have been the victim of misleading testimonials given to school-leavers by their teachers. One stated that the child was capable of taking responsibility, whereas the simplest office duties proved beyond her. In the second case, I discovered that every girl in the class had received an identical testimonial. Surely all who are asked to give testimonials should be perfectly honest—or tactfully decline to commit themselves.—E. S. TOMLIN, Chatham Road, Manchester.

"The accuracy of testimonials is a matter for the headmaster or the local education authority," says the Ministry of Education. "Some schools give employers details of a child's school career, taken from school record cards—although the cards themselves are confidential."

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

A former prisoner begins the vivid story of three years . . .

INSIDE DARTMOOR

See announcement on page 20

Rear Light Rule

I WAS surprised to read in your Editorial "Road Nonsense" (JOHN BULL, May 23) that white reversing lights are illegal. Surely, no such law is in force. Even Metropolitan Police cars are fitted with these lights. — G. S., London, N.7.

Many cars have white reversing lights, but the Road Transport Lighting Act, 1921, bans lights other than red at the rear of cars, unless they are used for illuminating the number plate. The Minister of Transport has said that he will amend this law.

New Heights

IN "Free Speech" for May 30, you give the height of the Empire State Building as 1,472 feet. But when I went to the top myself, the leaflet I was handed gave the height as 1,250 feet to the tip of the mast.—M. B., Lindley, Huddersfield.

. . . Searching through an atlas, a map, and an article on Everest, I found that they all gave different heights. The atlas said 29,001 feet; the map gave 29,104 feet; and the article said 29,113 feet. Which is right?—DAVID ATKINSON, Inchinnan, Renfrewshire.

The Empire State Building grew to its new height of 1,472 feet in 1950, when a 222-foot television tower was added. The height often quoted for Everest is 29,002 feet, but a recent estimate by British scientists is 29,140 feet. The 1952 Swiss expedition calculated a height of 29,610 feet. The survey made by the successful climbers on May 29 may settle the argument.

Private Yard

WITH my husband, I visited London to see the Coronation decorations. In Westminster, we hunted for a place to park the car, and finally saw some others parked in the courtyard of a

building. As my husband reversed into a space, we saw a policeman approaching from the left, and another from the right. "Is it all right to park here?" asked my husband through the open window. One of the policemen answered in most indignant tones. "This is Scotland Yard," he said.—MRS. E. M. ELMS, Meadow Road, Ashford, Middlesex.

Aiming High

MANY children in my class also have parents encouraging them in their stage ambitions ("Free Speech," May 9). When I asked these ten-year-olds to write on what they wanted to be when they grew up, a common wish was to be a "bally" dancer. Parents and teachers should convince juniors that it is better to be a good juggler than a bad Hamlet.—M. J. B., Liverpool.

Floral Festival

HERE in South Australia we are planning a grand floral festival for next year's Royal visit. It will surpass our annual Flower Day—held in April—when buildings, shop windows and public lawns are decorated with displays in the shape of fairy tale and

nursery rhyme characters, flags, emblems and tableaux. The enclosed photograph shows a typical scene—gambolling lambs made from flowers. —MISS ANITA A. PHILLIPS, Le Hunte Avenue, Prospect, South Australia.

Fragrance And Flies

LIVING in the country, I found that when I placed a bunch of peppermint in a vase near the window, I had no more trouble with flies. — MRS. R. SMYTH, Newtownbreda Road, Belfast.

"So far as I know, there have been no experiments with plants like peppermint," says an expert of the Pest Infestation Research Laboratory at Slough. "But nearly all the strong

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essential oils—including oil of peppermint—repel flies. It depends on how long you can maintain the strength of the odour."

Wallace Remembered

MISS Pat Wallace ("Life With Father," May 23) will perhaps be interested to hear that I knew her father in South Africa. Edgar Wallace was

Edgar Wallace and his daughter Pat

with the Brigade of Guards as a war correspondent, and it was he who gave me the news of Queen Victoria's death. He was spending the night at a platelayers' hut near our camp, and I went to see if there was any news. Edgar simply said, "She's gone," and went on with his work. — C. NELSON, (late Transport Sergeant, Coldstream Guards), Rotherham, Yorkshire.

. . . Edgar Wallace was a pupil at the school which I attended. We were often told at examination time that he was an example of what hard work could do. I have enjoyed many reminiscences about him from my schoolteacher—still living—who taught at the school for thirty-four years. — M. B., Rotherham, Yorkshire.

Dog Patrol

DRIVING slowly along the main street of a busy town, I pulled up at a zebra crossing to allow an elderly woman to cross. Before I could drive on, a large Alsatian dog plodded majestically to the centre of the crossing, just in front of two children. He stopped, looked disdainfully at my car, and waited until the children were over the road. Then he joined them on the kerb.—FRANK NELSON, Division Street, Bolton, Lancashire.

Rivals For Records

AFTER touring Britain by car, my husband and I are wondering what tourists from overseas think of us. We saw the smallest church in Britain in six different places. King Charles must have spent more hours in trees than Tarzan if one believes the stories built round oak trees in our rural areas. We found many people who claimed to live in the very centre of England—and they were all miles from Meriden.—MRS. H. D., Aldershot, Hampshire.

Meriden, Warwickshire, is traditionally held to be the centre of England. Among the rival claimants for the honour of being the smallest church in Britain are Lullington in Sussex (twenty-two seats), Culbone, Somerset (thirty-three seats) and St. Margaret's Chapel, Edinburgh, which measures 16½ feet by 10½ feet.

Husband At Home

WHEN I first told my friends that my husband is an author and works at home all day, they sympathized with me. "I don't know how you stand it," said one. "I know I couldn't." Yet I find it a very pleasant state of affairs, and I'm wondering if other husbands are really so objectionable.—MRS. CECILIA OGNALL, Kedleston Road, Roundhay, Leeds, Yorkshire.

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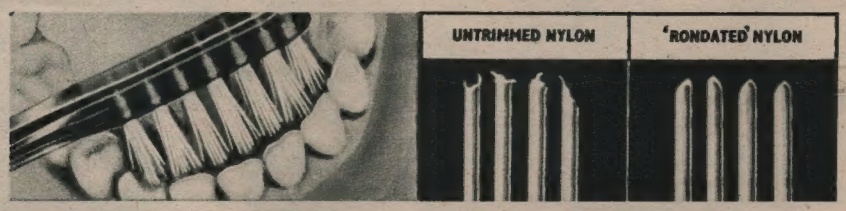

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The Bargain Wife

by ***RICHARD B. ERNO***

ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH WYNN

He was man enough to manage without a squaw. Why should he give way now?

THE FIRST NIGHT that Charlie Yellowfoot heard the lynx's cry in the marsh along Deer Creek, it was late spring and he was coming from the one-room barn behind his house after milking his cow. He told himself that it was a good sign, for the lynx was his brother, and it meant good luck was coming his way.

So Charlie Yellowfoot, last son of the last chief of the Ojibways, was surprised and chagrined when the evil spirit came down the valley on the breath of the lynx and left Charlie Yellowfoot's cow flat on her back with all four hoofs in the air and a purple tongue hanging out of her mouth like an oriole's nest.

Charlie Yellowfoot walked around his cow three times, still carrying the milk pail. Then he went back to the house and sat on a chair in the kitchen. His mother chewed her gums for a long time in the silence. Through the broken pane of the kitchen window, with its brown gunny sack plugging the hole that Charlie had shot through it with his rifle, came the spring sunshine, strong and promising, yellow as wild mustard. After a long time, because a squaw did not speak until spoken to, though you could excuse one so old, she asked: "Is there no milk for my toothless gums?"

"The cow is dead," Charlie told her. "The medicine of the lynx is gone. He screamed last night, and I heard him with my own keen ears that can hear an enemy warrior thirty miles away. Now my cow is dead."

"Listen to an old woman who has seen more summers than there are leaves on the trees," she said. "I tell you that the lynx has not lost his medicine. Buy another cow."

Charlie Yellowfoot knew that the fourteen dollars under his bed would not buy a cow. He went to his bedroom, pushing the hanging strings of dried corn and peppers out of his way, and, kneeling by the bed on the warped floor, he took the coffee can and went back to the kitchen and stretched the fourteen one-dollar bills out in a row on the table.

"This will buy no cow," he said.

He looked at her with piercing eagle eyes, the same kind of eyes his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather had had, and he remembered the sound of the lynx's cry and the good feeling that had gone through him when he heard it.

"No good can come of the lynx's cry for Charlie Yellowfoot any more," he said.

"Good will come of it yet," his mother said. The sun came through the broken window and fell on her withered face and over the nearly sightless eyes. "Take the money to Bear Claw," she told him. "Bear Claw has many cows, and Bear Claw is mighty."

"Bear Claw is a woman," Charlie answered. "All he can produce are squaws."

He went out to the barn to look at his dead

Charlie gazed ahead, flabbergasted. He wanted the cow—but he'd have to take the daughter as well. As befitted a woman, she turned away

He turned and saw the pleasure in her eyes. Obviously, she thought he would accept her now

cow. The man who bought dead animals would pay him two dollars for it. He looked at the cow's tongue. It was beautiful, of a rare and fine colour, and he felt that it was of that colour because he was the son of a chief. He should ask three dollars instead of two.

At noon Charlie watched the dead-animal man dump the cow in the back of a truck. "You should give me more than this," Charlie said, and he waved the two one-dollar bills in the air.

"Why?'

"Because my cow was struck by the spirit of the lynx!"

THE man was short and wiry and about forty, with a hard face full of suspicion. He looked at Charlie standing tall and broad before him. He looked up at the noble brow and at the scar on it that had been made by a branch one day when Charlie was running from the spirit of his enemy. Charlie stood with his arms crossed but with the two dollars still in sight in his hand, as if he were reluctant to take them. He pointed. "See the purple tongue. It is the sign of the lynx spirit."

"Bah," the man said. "Your cow died of poisoning."

"Three dollars," Charlie said.

"Two dollars and five cents." The man was edging towards the cab of his truck.

"Two eighty," Charlie said.

"Two ten," the man said. He had reached the cab and climbed inside behind the wheel.

"Two seventy-five," Charlie said.

The old truck started with a roar and Charlie stepped back from the running-board and shouted, "I'm the son of a chief."

"Two fifteen," the man shouted back, and his hand shot out as the truck lurched forward. Two bright coins came spinning through the air.

Charlie Yellowfoot's right hand flicked out with the speed of a rattler, but though he caught one coin the other fell on the hard ground at his feet.

"The son of a chief cannot pick up money from the ground," he told himself, and he turned with his sixteen dollars and five cents and went down the road in the opposite direction.

He did not like to go to Bear Claw's house because Bear Claw was the father of six young squaws. Charlie did not like the squaws. What need, at twenty-eight, had the son of a chief for a squaw? Charlie Yellowfoot was not a fool. And when Bear Claw's six daughters watched Charlie Yellowfoot, he knew they were remembering that he was the son of a chief, that he was brave as the mightiest of warriors, sly as the fox, strong as the bear, swift as the deer.

When he climbed over the fence at the back of Bear Claw's house, he could see two of the daughters bent over tubs under the maple tree by the yellow woodpile.

He looked all round the house for Bear Claw and could not find him. It was beneath him to ask one of the squaws, who watched with curious eyes, when he came back into the yard again.

"Father is coming now, Mr. Yellowfoot," a voice said.

Charlie turned to find a young girl pointing towards the forest.

WHEN Bear Claw arrived, they stood in the yard and looked at each other. Bear Claw was an oldish man with grey hair, a loose, imperturbable face, and the eyes of an adder. He seemed never to blink his lids, even when the sun was in his eyes. Charlie took off his hat and stood with the sun in his eyes, too, so Bear Claw could see that he, too, needed no shelter from the glare.

"I will buy a cow," Charlie said.

"How much?" Bear Claw asked. His eyes did not blink. He stared straight ahead.

"Twelve dollars," Charlie said.

"Twenty-five," Bear Claw said.

"Thirteen."

Two of the squaws came over but sat down to wait until the men had stopped bargaining. It rattled Charlie, having them there. He could feel their eyes on him.

"Twenty-four dollars," Bear Claw insisted. "No lower."

"Sixteen dollars and five cents," Charlie answered. "All I have." He thought of his father—last of the chiefs—and of his grandfather and of his great-grandfather, and he was ashamed.

"One condition," Bear Claw said.

"What?"

"You take my fourth daughter with the cow." Bear Claw did not look at Charlie and the fourth daughter turned her face away, as befitted a woman. At the corner of her red lips Charlie could see the beginnings of a smile.

"April Bear Claw is the daughter of a mighty man," Bear Claw announced.

Charlie said: "Charlie Yellowfoot is the son of a chief." He put on his hat and went past the squaws and back through the forest to his home.

His mother was still sitting in the chair by the window. She chewed her gums and turned her eyes towards him. After a long time, she asked a question: "What has happened, Charlie Yellowfoot, last of a line of chiefs?"

Charlie pulled down a string of dried corn and put a few kernels in his mouth to soak until they had become tender and delicious. The spirit of the sun came low through the door and fell over the table.

"Bear Claw sells me his cow only if I take a daughter."

"Which?"

"The fourth." He could not bring himself to say the girl's name. It would be like conjuring up her spirit; he wanted no squaws to eat up his birthright. Squaws were for men like Bear Claw, who had so many they were like worthless pets. "Another mouth to feed," he said.

His mother chewed her gums. When she spoke, her voice was strangely harsh and cold. "A cow is a cow," his mother said.

SO, on the second day after the death of his cow and the third day after the cry of the lynx, Charlie made a bargain with Bear Claw, the father of innumerable daughters, and went back home with the fourth daughter following him. He spoke no word and neither did she. Then he went to his trap line and took in his traps and kept away from the house.

It was late when he went home, and the fourth daughter of Bear Claw had gone. The kitchen was clean, and the gunny sack was gone from the window to make way for a piece of flat cardboard. The supper was warm, and the spirits of the food came to Charlie's nostrils, rich and savoury. The beds had been made, the floors had been scrubbed, and a new broom had been made and was hanging from a nail on the wall.

Charlie ate his supper, and when he was done he said: "Another mouth to feed in the cold months of winter, when there is no work and the hunter kills no deer."

His mother grunted. "A great hunter always kills deer."

"Another mouth," Charlie said.

His mother pointed with a clawed hand towards the cupboard. "The squaw, fourth daughter of Bear Claw, saved your pride, Charlie Yellowfoot. She picked up the money and put it on the shelf, Son of a Chief." And the old woman smiled crookedly. "She has tender hands like the wings of a bird and a voice like the brook and the step of a deer. The voice of the thrush is in her throat."

"Another mouth," Charlie insisted, but his

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Mr. Grimaldi's happy Marriage Room

by FAITH MORTON

Brides from the world over choose his flower-decked office for their weddings. "The ceremony is so beautiful," they say

WALTER GRIMALDI, the superintendent registrar of the London borough of Tottenham, holds the world record for the conducting of marriages. But he slipped up one Wednesday morning during the war when a soldier came to him to beg for a specially quick marriage. "I'm going overseas on Friday. Can you fix me up?" he asked anxiously.

Grimaldi, slim, white-haired and avuncular, said he would be pleased to help. But as a matter of form he had to check first on any previous marriages. The soldier admitted that he had been married before, but said he was now divorced. Unfortunately, he had no documentary evidence other than a solicitor's letter saying that the divorce was valid.

"Ordinarily I would have told him that was not enough," recalls Grimaldi, "but I was so touched by his pleading that I consented to accept the letter as sufficient proof."

Next day the couple were married, but two weeks later the father of the bride arrived. "You've broken the law," he shouted angrily at Grimaldi. "The divorce was not absolute until the Monday after you conducted the ceremony." The veteran registrar had to admit the error. "That's what comes of being kind-hearted," he says. "But it all ended well. My explanation was accepted by the authorities, and I married the couple again on the soldier's next leave."

His Book For The Queen

Walter Grimaldi has been marrying people for forty-one years. "If all the 81,000 people I've married met together," he says, "they would fill Tottenham Hotspur football ground—and there would still be more than ten thousand waiting to get in. Their children would pack two Wembley Stadiums." He has written a standard work on the marriage ceremony, a copy of which the Queen accepted at her wedding.

People come to him from all over the world. Last year a couple arrived from Australia to be married in Tottenham register office. They could have had a church wedding at home in Australia, but an aunt living in Tottenham had told them of the superintendent registrar in her district. "He always conducts the ceremony so beautifully," she wrote. Their parents paid the fares to Britain as a wedding present, and they travelled 12,000 miles to be married. "And it was well worth while," said the bride afterwards.

Grimaldi's popularity comes from the trouble he takes over each couple. "If they seem too tense, I try to put them at their ease by cracking a joke. But for young and giggling brides I add a short introductory talk to make them realize the solemnity of the occasion."

Tottenham is one of the few boroughs where the demand for civil weddings is big enough to make a separate room worth while, and the large, bright Marriage Room is used for no other purpose. The walls are painted light green; there are flowers and a soft carpet, and the parquet floor dates from the time when the building was used as a dance hall. But Grimaldi is still not satisfied. "I should like to have uniformed attendants and gramophone music, but the authorities don't agree," he says.

"We used to have a leather-topped table. I was always puzzled because one edge of the leather was becoming badly worn. I couldn't find the reason until one day I chanced to look at the bride in front of me. She was nervously scratching the leather edge with her nails. Now the table has a plain wood top."

Though most weddings are over in ten minutes, a couple can have as much ceremonial as they like, if they tell the registrar in advance.

The most elaborate wedding Grimaldi remembers was in 1946, when an Indian couple were married with full Parsee ceremony. He was given no warning that the couple would arrive in traditional Parsee wedding clothes; the bride wore a sari and was decked with lilies, and the bridegroom had a garland of carnations and roses. They placed a tray of symbolic objects by the registrar: a seed to symbolize fertility and raw sugar to bring sweetness into their married life. "They gave me a piece of sugar, and invited me to the religious ceremony they were holding afterwards."

For a quiet wedding, the register office is the traditional place. One couple came across London from Twickenham to Tottenham, explaining

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Facing the happy couple, Grimaldi completes another ceremony. For those who are nervous, he has a joke; for those who giggle, a sobering homily

NANCY AND THE ASSASSIN

by MARK DERBY

He stood within inches of her, terribly still. Nancy pressed herself to the wall, hardly daring to breathe

AUNT GRACE looked like a hen who's hatched a duckling, and said: "But, Nancy, this is Malaya. The cold war's hot here." She recognized the look in Nancy's eyes. She'd seen it before, long ago, in the eyes of both Nancy's grandfathers. They'd been pioneers in North-West Australia and the mingled stubbornness and curiosity that makes a pioneer tick was there again in her niece's clear blue gaze.

"The war's on the mainland, in the jungle," Nancy said. "You went ashore yourself the day before yesterday, at Singapore. Well, this is Penang, an island as Singapore is."

Aunt Grace sighed. "But after dark. . . ."

"They have lights." Nancy pointed across the blue-black water of the roadstead at the lights that were coming out, like stars, along the waterfront and high on the Peak. "And goodness, Aunt Grace, Mike'll be with me. And you know what he said—we won't see a finer place this trip than Penang. Besides, I've just got to get something to write about before I answer all those letters I picked up in Singapore. I can't just write, 'Dear all, Singapore was breathless! I went ashore with Aunt Grace and had lunch at an hotel and bought a slip in one of the stores——'"

"It's showing," Aunt Grace interrupted bleakly.

It was, too. "I thought I'd fixed it," Nancy said, wriggling her slim hips and easing up the nylon slip. "Look, Aunt Grace, I've come four thousand miles from Sydney and gosh, what have I *seen*?"

"I promised your father I'd keep an eye on you," her aunt said unhappily, but she soon gave in. She wasn't really stuffy and she liked Mike Forrester, the young deck officer who was so clearly attracted by Nancy's vivid response to the first big adventure of her life. "I'm going to take my nap now. I can't sleep these hot afternoons, no use trying. And don't forget, half-past ten will be quite late enough for the pair of you to be back on board."

But no sooner had she gone below than Mike was at Nancy's elbow swearing blue murder at the captain, who'd put him on extra duty at a moment's notice. The trip ashore was out.

Nancy took it easier than he'd expected. But that was because she'd made one of her headstrong decisions the moment he'd broken the news, and she kept it to herself.

She'd do it solo.

So there she was, twenty minutes later, her candid Australian eyes alight in the radiance of

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His arm swung back, almost touching her, and then forward. For an instant, Nancy saw the face of his victim. Then the bomb exploded

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED LAURENT

A flash of lightning revealed Nancy, dishevelled, her dress torn, fleeing from the killer. She was depending on the soldiers to act immediately

the rising moon and the newly lit waterfront lamps and her slip showing again and her conscience nagging as she turned a last glance back at the lighted ship out in the roads.

For the next hour she saw Penang after dark. Like a child at a fair, she wandered down one side-street after another, peering into little cluttered shops and stalls, pausing in the entrances to temples where joss-sticks burned before monstrous images, delighting in the gusto and vitality of the seething life of Chinatown. Self-consciously, she sat at a tiny open-air stall and drank excellent coffee and afterwards bought a delicious ball of flaked ice, stained and sticky with raspberry syrup, from a small Tamil hawker-boy.

The slip kept showing.

Finding a quiet corner where she could fix it properly wasn't so easy. But at last there was a quieter street and half-way down it a narrow opening between two blank walls. She went up the alley a couple of yards and found herself in pitch darkness.

A pin shortened the left shoulder strap and then, just as she was ready to step back into the street again, a man slipped into the opening and stood in the entrance, barring her way.

He hadn't seen her. He stood with his back to her, only just inside the black shadow of the opening. But when she opened her mouth to ask him to let her pass, embarrassment suddenly gagged her. She waited.

The street was not well lighted and it was almost deserted until a black car pulled up outside a lighted door on the opposite side. There were posters to right and left of the steps up to the door. They showed a photograph of a stout Chinese in spectacles.

Instinctively, Nancy disliked the man who stood so still in front of her. She couldn't see his face, but something about his stillness, the coarse oiled hair and the thin shoulders and elbows that gave him so sharp a silhouette, made her hold herself back from his nearness with distaste.

He was absolutely motionless, his eyes fixed on the lighted door over on the other side of the street; until there was movement inside the door and a group of Chinese in noisy conversation appeared at the top of the steps.

The man in front of Nancy moved. He took something from his trouser pocket and without taking his eyes off the doorway pulled at whatever it was with his other hand. Nancy saw a small, glinting thing fall by his foot and was startled to hear him speak.

He spoke three words, softly, to himself. She didn't know what they were. He looked Chinese —maybe the three slow words were Chinese. One . . . two . . . three.

At the third word he crouched and his right arm came back until it almost touched her knee. Then the arm swung forward and a dark missile rose from his hand. It crossed the street in a low arc and landed, looking like a small metal pineapple, in the gutter in front of the man who was coming down the steps to the car.

Nancy had time, an instant of time, to see that he was the man in the two poster photographs. He came down between the two pictures of himself and then there was a flash and an explosion that shook the street and his arms flew up and he toppled and crashed down at the foot of the steps. There was the tinkle of falling glass fragments and then silence again.

The man who had thrown the bomb was gone and Nancy was free to step into the street. She found it almost empty. At the sound of the explosion the passers-by, instead of assisting the victim or grappling with his assailant, had just melted away.

That, somebody had told her, was the way of orientals in crisis. There was only the echo of escaping footsteps and the motionless stout body sprawled at the foot of the steps.

She was half-way across the street when a man came running down the steps to bend over the bomb victim. From his manner he looked either a doctor or at any rate better skilled at first aid than she was. Turning away rather thankfully, she saw the bomb-thrower's sharp shoulders and elbows swing round a corner at the street end.

No policeman. No anybody. Just the man kneeling by the body and an empty street.

With her mind still hesitating, her feet set off after the spiky shoulders and elbows. It was up to her, wasn't it, to see where he went?

She accelerated. Of course, there'd be a car just round the corner, or at least a bicycle. All she'd see would be a retreating tail-light. Just the same, an indication of which way the killer had gone, from the only eye-witness, might help.

The only eye witness. Already, in maybe fifteen seconds, Nancy had discovered that important difference between East and West. Responsibility. A Westerner felt responsible for things outside his private life. It mattered to her that a man had been murdered four thousand miles from her home; it mattered that his murderer was making an easy getaway.

She turned the corner and there was the tail-light. But it was stationary. There was a fat Chinese wrestling with a rear wheel of an old blue Austin and the man who had thrown the bomb stood over him, hissing and snarling. After a second he straightened up, fired a last curse at the kneeling man and dived down a side street.

Nancy followed.

She ought to keep him in sight, she admitted

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Stardom brought Carole Carr her first piece of mink. Her songs draw phone calls from admiring fans—tactfully answered by her husband

In her kitchen, Carole dons casual clothes, and tackles a housewife's duties. A B.B.C. producer who called, found her painting the ceiling

Carole Carr climbs briskly to the top of the bill

by JOHN HARMAN

"I know what I want," says the girl who made her name as a Forces pin-up. To get her songs just right, she will argue with anyone

IN 1951, WHEN A NEW "sweetheart" was needed for the radio programme *Calling All Forces*, Frank Hooper, the producer of the show, narrowed down his short list of candidates to Carole Carr. She had broadcast for him several months previously, and he remembered her particularly for singing "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." Her warm, velvet-smooth voice, heard against a background of violins, embodied his idea of the two qualities essential for a vocal pin-up. It had sincerity, he thought, and exciting sophistication.

Anxious to get her under contract, Hooper knocked at the door of her London flat. "It was four thirty in the afternoon—an hour when dream girls are supposed to yawn and think of cocktails. But this tall, blue-eyed blonde I wanted to serenade 12,000,000 soldiers, sailors and airmen was brimming with energy," he recalls. "Her face was splashed with white paint, her hair tucked under a cloth turban, and she was wearing an old pinafore, jumper and slacks. 'I'm doing the kitchen ceiling,' she said."

Hooper adds: "Carole is just about the most practical singer in show business. When we held a party to celebrate the fiftieth performance, she organized elaborate catering for forty-five guests. At rehearsals, she was always knitting or sewing a blouse or skirt she had designed herself. A few minutes after singing a really dramatic song, she would talk on shatteringly everyday topics. Once, after raising the unromantic problem of keeping furnishing fabrics clean in London, she said: 'I put my curtains and chair covers in the bath and stamp on them, native-fashion.'"

Far from dwelling in the cloudland of popular songs, twenty-five year old Carole, the daughter of an analytical chemist and grand daughter of a tenor in a troupe of Alabama minstrels, is independent and down-to-earth. In her private rôle as wife of Peter Leuw, a broad-shouldered former squadron-leader who is now with British European Airways, she does the cooking and cleaning, embroiders cushion covers, makes lampshades and does her own repairs to shelves and furniture.

B.B.C. producers and orchestra conductors say that she has reached the £200-a-week class because she follows her professional career with the same brisk efficiency. Nat Temple, the dance-band leader, says, "She has a trained ear for music. On one occasion, in the middle of a complicated piece of orchestration, she stopped the band and pointed out a 'cellist who had played a single wrong note."

Musicians in general respect her talents as a fault-finder. Sensitive ones resent it. At the end of a bitter dispute which arose when she corrected an arranger's harmonies, he told her flatly to get off her high horse. Carole, who has the authority of being educated by a Royal Academy of Music professor, replied firmly: "I know what I want, and nothing less than that will do."

Knowing what she wants makes life difficult for song-pluggers, or "contact men," as they are known in the music-publishing world. "Her featuring of a song can make an appreciable difference to its sales," says one. "But she is highly selective, and it's impossible to talk her into accepting a bad number. She's one of the few popular singers who can sight-read music."

When a number appeals to her, she accompanies herself on her grand piano until she is note-perfect, then records it on her tape-machine. "I ask my husband for a candid opinion on the play-back. His taste, I feel, is the public's taste. If he gives the thumbs-down, I turn to something else."

Sang Without Rehearsal

Four years ago, heavy traffic delayed her arrival at the B.B.C. studios for her show, *Carole Singing*, which was due on the air. Hurriedly, emergency arrangements were made to carry on without rehearsal and, if necessary, without her. But just as the red light flashed, she walked in calmly, took up script and music, which she had never seen before, and went through her part without an error.

This gift was one reason why she was chosen to play Mary in *Riders Of The Range*, the radio

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UNBROKEN (7) by Lieutenant-Commander ALASTAIR MARS, D.S.O., D.S.C.

We go gunning for Rommel's supply ships

There was no panic, but nobody liked the set-up. For one thing, there was the danger of running aground. For another, there was the torpedo-boat—lying between us and the target

FROM THE BRIDGE of the submarine Unbroken, I peered anxiously through the darkness towards the Italian harbour of Cotrone. It was twelve thirty—almost an hour since Captain Wilson and Bombardier Brittlebank had left us in their folboat to blow up a merchant ship in the harbour with their limpet bombs. The strain was beginning to get me down. What *was* happening in there? Had the two saboteurs been taken prisoner? Were enemy E-boats even now preparing for a sudden dash out of the harbour to attack us? Restlessly I moved about the bridge, feeling helpless at my inability to do anything but wait.

At last, I whispered down the voice-pipe: "Control-room. Time?"

"Quarter to one, sir."

If Wilson was to keep to his schedule, the explosion must come now. *Perhaps his infernal machines have gone off without us knowing. But surely there would be a flash, even though the breakwater muffled the sound?* I turned to Archdale, the armament officer. "Maybe they had some trouble with the boom."

"It's possible, sir. He was going to take things very carefully because the place was so lively today."

"We've stacks of time before the moon comes up," I said, "but I wish to God I knew what was happening across there. It must be—"

"Flash from harbour, sir! Looked like an explosion!"

E-boat On The Prowl

I swung my glasses. As I did so there was a second eruption of red fire. But no noise. It appeared that Wilson had been right when he said the sound of the explosion would be muffled.

"Thank Heaven for that." But even as I spoke a searchlight beamed across the water. The instinctive desire was to duck as it swung towards us. There was a vague, indefinite noise to starboard. A moment later it cleared to become the throb of a high-speed engine.

The game's up! I thought. But I said nothing, determined to hang on for the two saboteurs until the last possible second.

"Vessel on starboard quarter," yelled the look-out. "Approaching fast."

It was no good. We had to think of ourselves. I crossed to the voice-pipe. "Klaxon! Klaxon!"

The helmsman swore and pressed the button of the klaxon twice. As its harsh, ear-piercing stridence roared through the submarine, the two look-outs swung themselves through the conning-tower hatch and slithered down the ladder into the control-room. As Signalman Osborne followed, the vents opened, and the bridge shuddered with the whip of the propellers. I shut the voice-pipe cock and took a last look at my enemy. An E-boat, doing good speed. Within a minute she would pass directly over us.

As Archdale's head disappeared down the

Mars (left) addresses his crew from the bridge. Beside him is Paul Thirsk, Unbroken's navigator

hatch I ordered: "Sixty feet. Shut off for depth charging."

"Sixty feet. Shut off for depth charging," he repeated. I hurried after him and prayed that in the darkness some clot aboard the E-boat had mucked up the depth charge firing mechanism.

At forty-five feet Haddow, my first lieutenant, ordered: "Blow 'Q.'" The noise of the air as it screamed to the quick-diving tank almost drowned Osborne's: "Lower lid shut and clipped, sir."

"Sixty feet, sir," reported the coxwain.

Waited For "The Heat"

"Boat shut off for depth charging," reported Manuel, the chief engine-room artificer. I nodded. I mopped my forehead, swallowed, and waited for "the heat." But nothing happened. Maybe I had been right, and some numbskull had forgotten to remove the safety pins of the depth charges.

I beckoned to Telegraphist Morris. "Let me know when we've been down five minutes."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The five minutes dragged past.

"Port twenty. Steer oh-eight-five. Group down. Slow together."

Then, from Cryer at the asdic: "I can hear pinging, sir."

If they chased me all over the ocean, no rendezvous would be kept with Wilson and Brittlebank—assuming they had got away. I took a pair of earphones. Cryer was right. There was no mistaking the sound of asdic impulses. We were in for a hunt.

"Silent routine," I ordered.

Cryer moved his automatic asdic control knob slowly around the compass. There were two enemy craft. Both had asdics. I crossed to Paul Thirsk, the navigator, and examined the chart over his shoulder. The water was not very deep, restricting our movements.

The enemy started hunting us in earnest, but we remained slow and silent and it took them twenty minutes to establish contact. When they did, both ships were to port, and I had just the sea room for a bold alteration of course to starboard. This put the enemy astern and ourselves heading back towards Cotrone. They did not guess what we were up to.

Schooners Join The Hunt

By 3 a.m. things were quieter, but still disturbing. For the enemy were combing the sea to eastwards—where we wanted to be to meet Wilson. I decided to describe a wide circle which would bring me to the saboteur's escape route at dawn. By then the anti-submarine vessels should have cleared off.

As 7.30 a.m. we were at periscope depth and ten miles from Cotrone. The day was bright and visibility good. We used both periscopes—one to keep watch on sea and sky, the other searching for the folboat. But the sea remained despairingly empty—until 8.20, when a couple of anti-submarine schooners sailed from the harbour.

We kept to our course for another ten minutes, until we were seven and a half miles due east of the breakwater. If Wilson and Brittlebank had escaped along the planned route they would certainly have got that far by now. The schooners began dropping depth charges, and it seemed they were going to comb the entire area in this manner. Reluctantly I decided to call it a day. There was no more I could do for our gallant friends. I ordered a withdrawal towards the south-east.

In the wardroom, while the events were still fresh in my mind, I wrote it all down. My hand was tired and my heart heavy by the time I reached the words: "The loss of this brave officer and his companion is very much regretted, and it is hoped the submarine did all possible for their recovery." Then came the saddest duty a captain knows: writing a letter to the next of kin. I begged Mrs. Wilson to believe me when I said that I was certain her husband would get through, either by escaping, or as a prisoner-of-war.

As it turned out, my optimism was justified. A long time afterwards I discovered that the saboteurs had penetrated the boom after their limpets had exploded—although not, alas, against the ship—but the subsequent chase had been too hot for them. When they realized they would not be able to contact the Unbroken they put into operation their plan for paddling back to Malta, but were captured en route.

Next evening we crept towards the shore where the River Amendolea meets the sea near Cape Spartivento, and where we were to bombard the railway sidings. Subdued after the loss of Wilson and Brittlebank, my spirits were in no way improved at the sight of the sidings completely bare of trains and trucks. It appeared that this patrol was to be a long succession of disappointments. To add to my ill temper a torpedo-boat appeared some miles off, apparently bound for Reggio. But as we moved away from her we spied a handsome-looking railway bridge, and I decided to have a go at that even though the torpedo-boat might turn around to investigate the gunfire.

Dropped Dummy Periscopes

After the gunlayer and trainer had been given a peep at the target through the periscope we surfaced, and without wasting time opened fire. In six minutes we pumped thirty-seven rounds at the bridge, a third of them hits. Others exploded on the railway lines, and a few overshot the target and made useful holes in the motor road beyond. It is difficult to destroy a bridge with a 3-inch gun, but it is possible to weaken it. This, I felt, we had done, and if we put the line out of action for twenty-four hours it was as good as sinking a 5,000-ton merchant ship.

As the bombardment compromised our position, I thought the time ripe to dispose of our dummy periscopes. They would not be seen that night, but enemy forces searching for us the next day would waste a mountain of depth charges attacking them. We dropped them about twelve miles apart.

Having acquired the taste for short, sharp gunnery, I set sail eastwards towards the Gulf of Squillace, where another railway line was to be found. We reached the Gulf next afternoon, and admired its beauty through the big periscope. We also found a quiet stretch of line between two tunnels. The track was set low down but ran for most of its length over culverts and viaducts. Our plan was simple: to knock a train from one of these viaducts.

We surfaced at eight o'clock, closed to within half a mile of the shore and waited. Two and a half hours passed without even the distant whistle of a train, and I was biting my nails and cursing the irregular services of the Italian railways. It was pitch dark, and I did not fancy loitering much longer. It was quite possible that some smart sentry in a nearby defence position had sighted us through night glasses and was madly phoning the Italian Navy. To be caught by patrols and flattened against the shore might provide an experience I would be unable to retail back at Malta over a glass of wardroom gin. I decided, therefore, to bombard the empty line and tear up some tracks.

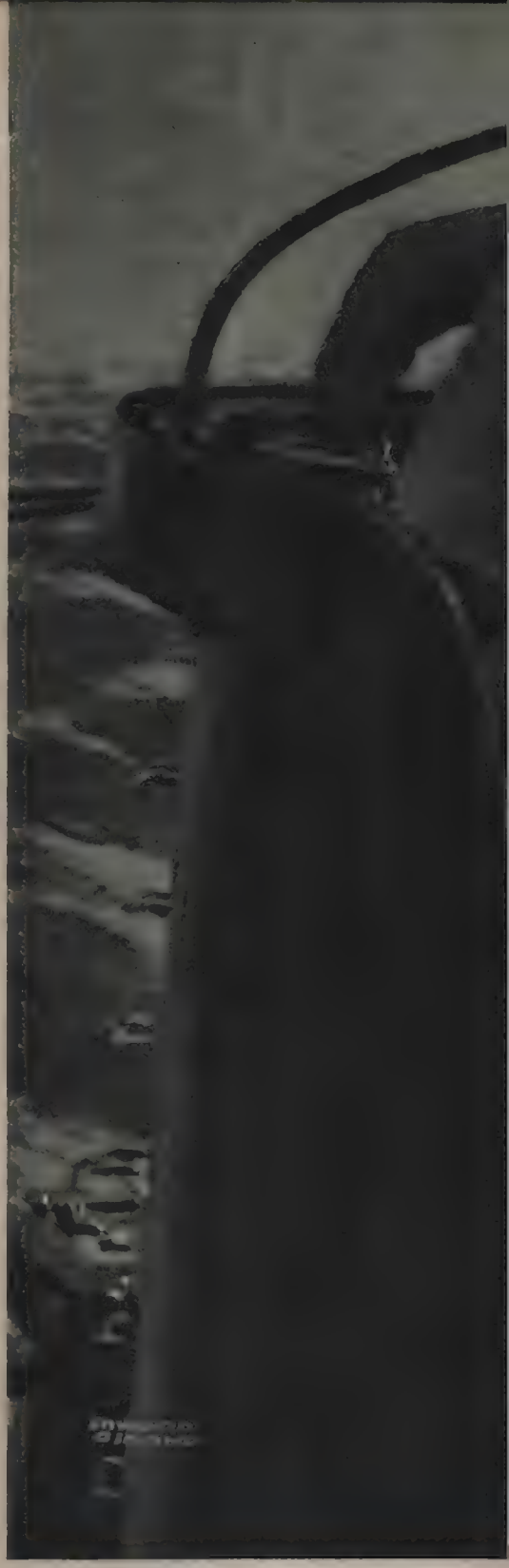
Star Shells Helped Gunners

It was going to be a difficult shoot, for the gunlayer could not see what he was aiming at. To help to balance this, we had taken aboard a stock of flashless star shells to go with our flashless high explosive, which meant we would not blind ourselves with muzzle flash.

The gun's crew closed up and I stood with Archdale on the bridge. "Can you identify anything at all?" I asked.

"Absolutely nothing, sir, except the skyline." That was of no help, for the skyline topped the wooded hills high above our heads.

"Well, we will have to open up with star shells, then seize on the best target they reveal. All right, open fire."



An enemy searchlight swept across the water, ar

The gun roared and a star shell screamed into the air. A second followed. The echo and reverberations were tremendous. It seemed that the entire mountain range was cracking open. The shells burst into dazzling golden light and parachuted slowly to earth. But the scene they illuminated was vastly different from the one we had expected.

"I can't see any railway line, sir," shouted Archdale. "It's not in sight. It must have gone into a tunnel."

That was it. We had drifted a little northwards and were opposite the side of a tunnel. Archdale pointed. "How about that road culvert high on the right, there?" he asked excitedly. "There's a car crossing it now."

I gave my assent and we managed to fire two rounds at it before the star shells burned themselves out. Much to our joy the car came to a halt and the driver, in his panic, forgot to switch off his head-lamps, giving us a useful point over which to aim our star shells. For all this the shoot was more spectacular than accurate, for the culvert was high up and its range uncertain. It was impossible to make spotting corrections as we were unable to see the shells burst, and

n we saw the E-boat. The game was up; we could wait for the saboteurs no longer. "Klaxon! Klaxon!" I yelled. The look-outs scrambled down the hatch

those that missed fell like thunderclaps into the ravine. In all, eight star and fourteen high explosive shells were fired. We may or may not have scored a couple of hits on the culvert, but the star shells certainly started a very promising forest fire. After five minutes I decided to discontinue our firework display, and withdrew.

The Frozen Meat Was Stolen

Next day, soon after we received orders to return to Malta, Joe Sizer, the coxwain, came to see me. Compared to the rest of us, he was positively elderly, for he was not far off his fortieth birthday. Bald and short, he was the most impassive of men, possessed of a reassuring north-country calm. On this occasion, however, his sharp-featured face was wrinkled and disturbed.

"Sorry to bother you, sir, but a great chunk of the frozen meat's been stolen from the 'fridge. I reckon someone doesn't approve of good meat being returned to the base. What I was wondering, sir, was whether you'd authorize an issue of tinned meat to replace the stolen stuff."

My reply was immediate. "Certainly not. The stolen meat has probably been eaten by more than one man. The ship's company will go without meat until the amount's made up." It was, I knew, an unpopular decision, but it produced a surprise result—the meat mysteriously reappeared and was eaten for supper.

The incident upset me, for it showed a surprising lack of responsibility on the part of the wrongdoers. Food was pitifully scarce in Malta, and every ounce had to be measured in the blood and suffering of the Royal and Merchant Navies. This may sound pompous now, but the grimness of the situation was very real then. I remember Manuel telling me that bread was so short in the base mess that the president ordered a ration of one slice per man per meal. A thin slice, too, and he illustrated his point by pinning a sample to the notice board.

In the main, however, stealing was rare aboard the Unbroken. A favourite prize was the wardroom silver. Piece by piece it disappeared into the engine-room, where the stokers and engine-room artificers whiled away the hours filing it down into natty submarine brooches. The point came when we were almost reduced to eating with our fingers, and Joe Sizer had to make good the loss by bribing a Maltese in the dockyard with a pound note and a bag of sugar to supply us with silverware salvaged from the sunken Pandora.

Tension mounted as the Eighth Army prepared for El Alamein, and intelligence reported that Rommel was frantically scraping every pint of petrol and ton of armour he could from the Axis high command. The duties of the submarines at Malta were plain: to prevent convoys from crossing to North Africa, and to stop enemy sea traffic between Tripoli and Benghazi. Rommel saved about six hundred miles' worth of petrol for every lorry load shipped in this manner.

Flotilla Gathers Strength

The rebuilt 10th Flotilla was now quite strong, comprising the Umbra, Una, Unbroken, Unison, United, Unrivalled, Utmost, Unruffled and Unbending. In addition we were aided by several submarines, such as the Safari, which rightly belonged to the 8th Flotilla. United and Unbroken were ordered down the African coast east of Tripoli to have a crack at coastal traffic. Co-operating with us were R.A.F. Wellingtons and Swordfish of the Fleet Air Arm.

At about teatime on October 11 we parted company with the minesweeper Speedy at the outer end of the swept channel and dived on a southerly course. The days were drawing in, and we were able to surface before seven. The sky over the northern horizon was its now

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IN THE WET

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SEABRIGHT

Great and serious events were shaping in Britain. David realized that this flight was making history

BRITAIN IN 1983, and a voice from the future describing it. . . . In the Wet, Northern Queensland's flood season, a bush parson held the hand of an old man called Stevie, and listened to the strangest story he had ever heard. Old Stevie was dying, fuddled with the opium he had taken to ease his pain. Dying—and dreaming: dreaming he was an Australian airman named Nigger Anderson—in 1983.

In 1983, Nigger had become a pilot of the Queen's Flight. His job was to fly Queen Elizabeth and her Prince Consort to and from Australia and Canada on State visits. Australia and Canada had presented the Royal Family with two Ceres long-range planes for this purpose, manned by crews of their own people.

It was a year of difficulties for Britain. There had been a war, mass emigration, a financial crash. And now—a serious constitutional crisis. The government in power seemed to think the Monarchy was an expensive luxury. The Queen, her Consort and Prince Charles, an Air Vice-Marshal of the R.A.F., were struggling against heavy odds to do the diplomatic job of Royalty.

Nigger was puzzled and disturbed. He had tried to find out more about it from Rosemary Long, a secretary at Buckingham Palace. But she was extremely reticent; and because he loved her he did not press her for explanations.

Britain was not his country, and until he had met Rosemary he had never felt at home in it. But the Queen was his Queen: he believed that she alone held the Empire together. Like many Australians, he wanted to see her in the Commonwealth far more often.

At the moment, however, the Queen was planning a four-week visit to Canada. Rosemary would be going with her. David was disappointed that he was not to be pilot on this trip: he did not want to be separated from Rosemary even for a month. But it had to be. He and Rosemary had a farewell evening together, dining and dancing in London. Next day she was due to leave for Canada.

PART 5

Questions In The House

ON the Wednesday the Queen left for Canada. The press and the newsreel cameras were at White Waltham very early, photographing the machine and the Canadian crew. The minor members of the entourage arrived in several cars, among them Rosemary, who waved to David as she passed into the aircraft.

Finally, at ten o'clock, the Royal car arrived carrying the Queen and the Consort, and followed by two other cars, one bringing the Prince and Princess of Wales and their two boys, the other bringing the Princess Royal with her husband, the Duke of Havant, and little Alexandra.

There were a few minutes of Royal leave-taking and then the Queen went up the three steps into the fuselage, followed by the Consort and escorted by Frank Cox, Captain of the Queen's Flight.

Dewar, the Canadian pilot, was waiting at the door to welcome them; in the cockpit Johnnie Clare, the second pilot, broke out the Royal Standard at the mast at the exact moment that the Queen entered the machine, while cameras whirred and clicked outside. The door closed, and presently the machine moved forward on the taxi track towards the runway's end. The Ceres lined up on the runway, the mast and standard sank down into the fuselage, the outboard engines started, and then it was accelerating smoothly with the white plumes from the rockets leaving a long trail behind. It was airborne very quickly and the undercarriage disappeared into the wing; it put its nose up in a great climbing turn and vanished into the clouds towards the north.

THE Queen's Flight came under fire that week. A politician called Andrew Duncan made a stinging speech about White Waltham aerodrome. This aerodrome, declared Mr. Duncan, comprised about twelve hundred acres of the soil of England, the property of the British people. At present it was reserved for the use of the Royal Family, who did not use it more than once or twice a year, and whose huge aeroplanes were wastefully maintained there at a vast expense; he did not say at whose expense that was. The land could be farmed and made to produce food to support four hundred working families. Four hundred families, said Mr. Duncan, were going hungry, eight hundred undernourished, pale-faced children were pitifully crying for the crust of bread that was not there. It made his blood boil, said Mr. Duncan.

It made David's blood boil, too, when he thought of the two thousand sheep that fouled the runways and the tarmac and had to be laboriously herded to one side before the Royal aircraft could take off or land. He knew that Frank Cox had had particular instructions from the Consort about the grazing; the sheep had first rights on that aerodrome, and the aeroplanes came a long way behind.

No less than four speakers took the matter up in the House. The Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for Air were both present, but said nothing to reveal the true position of the airfield; perhaps they did not know it.

In the office, David pored over the press reports with Dick Ryder, his second pilot.

"Looks like they're going to winkle us out of here," Ryder said. "Where do you think we'll go?"

"God knows. One of the R.A.F. aerodromes, probably."

"We'd have to get permission from the R.A.F. for every flight then, wouldn't we?"

David stared at him. "Theoretically, I suppose we should. *They* wouldn't interfere with us, though."

"I think the R.A.F. would have to do as they were told, if we were on their aerodrome."

Ten miles high, in brilliant sunlight, the air

David sat in silence for a minute. "I hadn't thought about that one," he said. "Do you think that's behind it?"

"Could be."

David nodded thoughtfully. He spent the morning upon nominal duties, and left for London at about noon, having Frank Cox's office in St. James's Palace to look after as well as his own.

He lunched at the R.A.C. and walked down Pall Mall after lunch to the Palace, and in the two small rooms that opened on to Engine Court he set to work with the girl secretary to deal with the correspondence. At about half past three the telephone rang; the girl answered it and handed it to him. It was Miss Porson, speaking from the Palace.

She said, "Oh, Wing Commander, I'm so glad you're in London. The Prince of Wales would like to see you this afternoon."

"What time shall I come over?"

"If you would come to my office at about five minutes past four, I will take you along then."

He put down the instrument, wondering what this was all about, and went on with the correspondence. At five minutes past four he was in the Palace, following Miss Porson down the corridor. She took him to an ante-room and

flew on under automatic control. Rosemary sat next to David in the second pilot's seat. They were alone together, cruising in a cloudless sky

handed him over to the girl sitting in it. "I don't think he'll keep you very long."

He sat on a gilt chair in the tall room in silence for ten minutes. Tall white double doors opened into the Prince's study, from which he could hear a low murmur of voices now and then. At last the handle of these doors turned; the door opened a fraction, and then closed again. Evidently the conversation was continuing as the visitor was about to be shown out.

Finally the door opened definitely and David heard the Prince speaking. He said, "Well, that's all I've got to say to you, Mr. Jones. If you go on with this, you know my attitude."

David sat motionless, staring at the carpet beside his feet, as the Prime Minister passed by within a yard of him.

PRESENTLY the door opened again and the Prince of Wales appeared. He said, "Come in, Anderson. Sorry to have kept you." David went into the room, and the Prince closed the door. He was wearing a grey civilian suit, and David thought that he looked tired.

"I've got to go to Ottawa, Wing Commander. Is that machine of yours serviceable?"

David was a little hurt. "Of course, sir."

"Can we go tonight?"

"You can go in an hour's time, sir. There's no food or drink on board, but otherwise we're ready."

"All right." He glanced at his wrist watch. "Suppose we start off after dinner. I'll be at White Waltham about half past eight."

"Very good, sir." He hesitated, and then said: "Can you give me any idea how long the crew will be away? It's just a matter of their kit."

"They may be away some time."

"Any chance that they may need tropical kit, sir?"

The Prince thought for a moment. "I don't know. They'd better take everything."

David went out and rang up Ryder from Miss Porson's office and put everything in train; Miss Porson undertook to have the food and drink sent down from the Palace kitchens. David went back to the office in St. James's Palace and stayed there for an hour; then he drove home to Maidenhead, packed furiously for ten minutes, and was at White Waltham aerodrome by seven o'clock.

He had much to do, but he was a very happy man as he did it. All the way down from London he had driven in a dream, amazed at his incredible luck. One day, this journey that the Prince of Wales was making in a hurry to consult with his parents would occupy a sentence in the history books; behind that sentence, unremembered and unknown, would be Nigger Anderson. It was sufficient for him; it made the job worth doing and justified the weeks and months of waiting on the aerodrome, the interruption to his career. Not only was he playing a small part in world affairs, but he was going to Rosemary. Rosemary, who had been away barely a week, Rosemary whom he had not hoped to see again for over a month.

He was delighted with his luck.

AT the aerodrome he met Ryder. The Ceres was already out upon the tarmac doing engine runs; he went to the machine at once with the second pilot and stood in the cockpit for a few minutes watching the engineers as they made the checks, glancing over the figures pencilled on their test sheets.

The provisions came at about eight o'clock with the steward and the stewardess. Finally, punctually at half past eight, the car arrived with the Prince; a valet travelling with him rode beside the driver. David went forward, and saluted as the Prince stepped out of the car.

"Quite ready, sir," he said.

The Prince said: "What's the weather?"

"Clear and frosty the other side, sir. We

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With the Duke of Edinburgh, Solomons watches the fiercely discussed McCarthy-Clayton fight

Solomons in his office, the headquarters of S.I.6.—"guaranteed to go one better than M.I.5."

The boxer who owed his success to a bet: Vince Hawkins, with Nat Sellar, Solomons's "bouncer"

LUCKY JACK SOLOMONS... *by KEITH ELLIS*

Secret battles behind the big fights

Concluding the story of the most powerful man in boxing—who knows every trick and can smell out contests that will draw the crowds

WHEN JEAN STOCK, the French middleweight champion, landed a left hook squarely on the jaw of Sugar Ray Robinson in the first round of a non-title fight in Paris, a tubby ringsider in a midnight-blue dinner suit momentarily removed from his mouth an outsize cigar. "See Robinson's legs wobble?" he asked his companion. "He's out of training. Randolph Turpin could beat him now."

A few months later, that same ringsider, whose name was Jack Solomons, announced a forthcoming world title contest between just those two. The critics howled that he was killing a great prospect. Solomons smiled and waited for the night. Turpin's points victory amply justified his gamble. Says George Middleton, Randolph Turpin's manager: "Solomons can smell a fight like a dog."

The Turpin-Robinson fight was the seventh world title contest to be promoted by Solomons. In his rapid postwar rise from being a fishmonger who put on fights for pin-money to being Britain's leading impresario of boxing, he has promoted more world title fights than any other Englishman. Many people consider him the world's most powerful individual promoter.

Solomons explains his success thus: "I give the public what it wants—that is, something it disagrees about. When I've thought of a match, I mention it in a barber's shop or a restaurant. If people argue, I put it on. If everybody agrees about who will win, that match is out."

A typical Solomons bill was recently headed by a fight between the British heavyweight champion Johnny Williams and an American heavyweight called Harry Matthews, who had not been seen in Britain. The main supporting bout was a non-title fight between Ronnie Clayton, the British, European and Empire featherweight champion, and Sammy McCarthy who, though too young to enter the elimination contest for the right to challenge Clayton, had already beaten the leading contenders. For boxing fans it was the most talked-of fight of the year. With that bill, Solomons sold every seat in Harringay Arena.

Budget Talk Was Retimed

Unfortunately, disagreement about the winner in no way guarantees an even fight, and Solomons has been responsible for some exceedingly bloody spectacles. One such was the Woodcock-Baksi contest. From the publicity point of view, the fight was a great success. When Woodcock arrived from Doncaster, a crowd of thousands jammed King's Cross Station. Later, at the time of the weigh-in, squads of police had to clear Great Windmill Street, where Solomons has his headquarters. Even a radio talk on the Budget by Dr. Hugh Dalton was retimed so that it would not clash with the fight broadcast.

Promotionally, it was also a success. A hundred thousand fans had applied for the eleven thousand seats and the gate of £54,000 was an indoor record for Europe. The only thing that went wrong was the boxing.

In the first round, Woodcock fell three times and had to be carried to his corner. For the next, his seconds literally pushed him from his stool. Baksi knocked him down for counts of nine and eight. Somehow, Woodcock survived on sheer staying-power until the referee stopped the fight in round seven. His jaw was broken and his eyes mashed. As a result, he went blind for a period of weeks. Solomons sums up the fight as that "ghastly half-hour at Harringay."

Though more even, the first Mills-Lesnevitch fight for the cruiser-weight championship of the world was even bloodier. In the second round Lesnevitch battered Mills cruelly, but Mills recovered sufficiently to break Lesnevitch's nose, pulp his eye and creep ahead on points. The referee stopped the fight in Lesnevitch's favour only four seconds before the end of the tenth round. "Sometimes," says Solomons, "I am doubtful about being remembered as the man who promoted that fight."

Besides being able to smell a fight, Solomons is also a born gambler. "He can manoeuvre well in advance and is always ready to back his opinion," says Sammy Burns, his general manager. On one occasion, he topped a bill with a fight between two boxers he had never seen—Tommy Yarosz and Dave Sands.

Persuasion With Oranges

In 1944, when he was matchmaker to a promoter at the Albert Hall, he badly needed an opponent for Lefty Flynn, a Jamaican welter-weight. The most suitable seemed to be Vince Hawkins, the Hampshire middleweight, but Hawkins's manager, a man called Simpson, decided he was not yet ready for Flynn.

The show was for the Airborne Forces, and it was typical of Solomons that he first tried to bamboozle Simpson by getting one of his friends to impersonate a general on the phone. "The whole country will be grateful if Hawkins fights," said the "general" in a Guardee accent. "I personally shall present him with a magnificent trophy if he wins." Simpson was deceived, but still refused the fight. He did, however, agree to allow the "general's" representative to meet Hawkins. The representative was none other than Jack Solomons.

Fruit was scarce in Britain then. As well as packing a cheque book, Solomons crammed his pockets with oranges given him by a friend on leave. With his general manager, Sammy Burns, he went to Hawkins's home at Eastleigh. For an hour he pleaded and cajoled. Unfortunately, several of Hawkins's friends were also present. "Hawkins hasn't a chance," they said. It was at this point that Solomons produced the oranges. Smiling his friendliest smile, he handed them round. The atmosphere warmed, but still the friends opposed the fight.

There was nothing for it but cash. Producing

Laying on a big fight: Solomons sits on a chair in the ring for a midnight conference on the eve of the Savold-Woodcock contest. On his left is his brother Maxie; on his right, his manager and confidante, Sammy Burns. Beside Burns is Teddy Waltham of the British Boxing Board of Control

his cheque book with a flourish, Solomons wrote a cheque for a hundred pounds. "Your friends seem doubtful," he said. "I bet you a hundred pounds to nothing that you'll lick Flynn. Here's my cheque. If you lose, keep it. If you win, tear it up." Hawkins's doubts evaporated. He not only out-pointed Flynn, but later became British champion.

Solomons's willingness to back his opinion with money later led to his promoting the fight which established him as the leading British promoter. As matchmaker at the Albert Hall, he had the idea of matching Jack London, the British heavyweight champion, with a coming young heavyweight called Bruce Woodcock, whom he had admired in a supporting bout three years before. Sammy Burns, then manager at the Albert Hall, was enthusiastic.

Optimistically, Solomons wired Jack London's manager, a West Hartlepool bookmaker called Joyce, an offer of £1,500. Joyce refused. Solomons then asked Burns to sit by while he telephoned Joyce from his Clapton home. "I'll go to three thousand pounds," he said.

Again Joyce refused: "London will fight for nothing less than four thousand."

Solomons turned to Burns. "Take it," said Sammy, "before he asks for five thousand."

Feeling sick, Solomons removed his hand from the mouthpiece. "O.K.," he said, "London gets four thousand." It was comparatively easy to secure Woodcock for a mere £1,600.

The two of them now reported to the promoter that they were ready to stage a British heavyweight title fight. All they needed was a deposit of £20,000 to cover purse-money and Customs and Excise requirements. "I'll need a week to raise it," said the promoter.

"That's too long," said Solomons. "We must have it in two days." At the end of that time the promoter told him: "I can't raise the money. The promotion is all yours." Solomons gambled. "I'll take it," he said.

In the resulting fight at the Tottenham Hotspur ground at White Hart Lane, Woodcock knocked out London in the sixth round and became British and Empire heavyweight champion at the age of twenty-four. Solomons made £400 profit and—far more important—established himself as a major promoter. But even then, he considered that there was no real money in boxing. At 6 a.m. next morning he was at Billingsgate as usual in smock and clogs, making sure he got his proper share of fish.

The Friend Of Everyone

Gambling, by itself, does not explain Solomons's success. Other qualities are also needed. People talk glibly of the "Solomons organization," the network of contacts all over the world who pass information to Solomons and do his bidding when called upon. They assume that the organization is some sort of monopoly built on fear. What they forget is that boxing promotion is a highly competitive business.

"Though it has to be admitted that a man in Solomons's position commands a lot of influence," says Stan Baker, a rival London promoter, "there's no monopoly. The field is open to anyone."

The secret lies in Solomons's personality. He is jovial and expansive, on first-name terms with everyone. He never bears malice, and will go to unusual lengths to keep on good relations.

Recently, he received two tickets for a charity show on a night on which the organizer must have known he had a show of his own. Each was marked five guineas. Solomons told his secretary to send his regrets and ten guineas, intending to give the tickets to a friend. The organizer immediately wrote back to thank him but respectfully pointed out that he had forgotten to return the tickets. "Believe it or not," says Solomons, "I sent him the tickets—with my apologies. I never make an enemy."

Whether out of good-heartedness or icy calculation—or, more probably, a mixture of both—he pursues this policy in everything he touches. "Politeness," says Solomons, "brings no pain, but it may mean profit." He is one of the very few promoters who make a point of going round the dressing-rooms to wish each boxer luck before a show. "And," says Bruce Woodcock, "he puts as much into shaking hands with a novice as he does with a champion."

George Middleton rings up Solomons for advice if he is doubtful of an opponent offered for Turpin. When he suggested a purse for Turpin to meet Robinson, Solomons replied: "Leave it to me. You may get more." The terms for many of his most important fights have been settled on a handshake.

Such treatment accumulates a fund of goodwill which Solomons is not slow to exploit when the need arises. Indeed, he has systematized it in an informal organization which he facetiously calls S.I.6 (Solomons's Intelligence 6), which is guaranteed to go one better than M.I.5. . . . "All I have to do to make an S.I.6 agent is to make a friend," he says.

Among them he claims a Belfast bookmaker, a Paris waiter, an ex-beauty queen married to a fight manager in Chicago, a Swedish business man, an English racing tipster and a Soho café proprietor.

The idea is not new. Years ago, when he was a full-time fishmonger and ambitious to become Britain's leading importer of freshwater fish, the majority of which come from Denmark, he

planted a spy in a rival's office. After spending his day making up the rival's accounts, the spy would bring a copy to Solomons's shop in the evening. In this way, Solomons could secure the favour of the Danish exporters by paying them a higher commission than his rival.

The application of the same technique to boxing has been responsible for many of Solomons's successes—in particular, his promotion of the world heavyweight championship in 1949.

Joe Louis, the reigning champion, had decided to retire early in the year, but intended to delay the announcement until he and two associates had signed up Jersey Joe Walcott and Ezzard Charles to fight for the vacant title. Lee Savold, Bruce Woodcock and Freddy Mills were to be given a chance of fighting the winner.

Unfortunately, Louis casually mentioned his plans to a manicurist in a New York male beauty salon. The manicurist was a member of S.I.6. That evening, she passed on the information to a friend who was a boxing instructor and he, realizing its importance, passed it to a member of the crew of a transatlantic airliner.

As a result, Solomons was able to counter Louis's announcement of a title fight between Walcott and Charles with the news of an already arranged fight between Bruce Woodcock and Lee Savold. The recognition by the British Boxing Board of Control and various European and Empire boards of Solomons's fight as *the* world championship greatly enhanced British prestige in American boxing circles.

Both the manicurist and the boxing instructor were rewarded. Every time the airman's trips correspond with a Solomons promotion, he gets a free ringside seat.

Loyalty To His Friends

The promotion of the Woodcock-Savold fight brought out more than anything else Solomons's capacity for personal loyalty. Ever since the Baksi fight, Woodcock had been hag-ridden by appalling luck, and even when the Savold fight had been arranged his bad luck persisted. Solomons was sitting in his office chatting with Bill Daly, Savold's manager, when a newspaperman came in to tell them he had heard that Woodcock had been injured in a road accident at Doncaster.

All afternoon, Solomons tried to find out what had happened. Unable to do so he hired a Rolls-Royce and set out for Doncaster. Next morning, he visited the hospital, talked with the doctors and arrived at Woodcock's bedside an hour after the boxer had regained consciousness. "Jack, Ah'm sorry Ah let thee down," said Woodcock. Solomons told him not to worry, but to concentrate on getting better.

The postponement cost Solomons £2,000 in forfeit money to Savold and his manager. Woodcock's subsequent declaration that he was retiring from boxing caused Solomons considerable public embarrassment. In the days before the fight, he received an unprecedented number of letters and telephone calls alleging that he had bribed Savold to lose or had already arranged a return fight in the event of Savold winning. One anonymous caller said that he would be beaten up if Woodcock won.

Solomons had nothing to fear. After two rounds, in which Woodcock landed right after right on Savold and aroused hopes that he would win by a knock-out, Savold came out of a clinch at the end of the third round and shot a volley of lefts which staggered Woodcock. At the end of the next round, his brother Billy threw in the towel. Later, in the dressing-room, he said to Solomons: "Ah'm sorry, Jack. Try to get me a return."

Nothing Left To Chance

Like every other aspect of Solomons's work, the organization of his intelligence service reveals an attention to detail sometimes forgotten by people who ascribe his success largely to luck. "He doesn't *expect* a thing to happen," says Dave Edgar, a member of his staff, "he works for it."

Besides his routine business of signing boxers, hiring a hall, arranging the seating and keeping up a steady flow of publicity for each fight, Solomons thoroughly rehearses his staff.

Stewards, usually two thousand of them, are drilled, section by section, in their duties. The distance from the dressing-room to the ring is paced out so that when the boxer, spotlighted and preceded by his national flag, advances to the ring, the accompanying fanfare changes to a drum-roll at the exact moment he climbs through the ropes. Both English and American experts testify that Solomons is the greatest boxing showman in the world.

At the same time, he remembers the personal details that keep friends happy. On the day of a major meeting, Freddy Mills remembered he had forgotten to collect a parking label for his car. Pushing his way through the crowded office, he managed to catch Solomons's eye. Without a word being spoken, Solomons reached into a drawer and produced the label. "He has a staggering memory," says Mills.

Meanwhile, Solomons has not overlooked publicity. By telephoning round to the newspapers each morning and keeping open house for journalists at his office, he ensures that every item of news about his promotions is fully reported. To keep people talking about a show as long as possible, he rarely announces the supporting bouts until fans have had ample time to discuss his top-of-the-bill.

He is also a master of the stunt. One of his subtler efforts was to ask Group Captain Wilson, of Harringay Arena, if he would like Jimmy Slade, who was currently appearing in a Solomons promotion, to present the trophy to the winner of a greyhound race. Wilson accepted, and Solomons arranged for Slade to appear. Knowing that a dog he himself had entered was the favourite, he next made sure that photographers would be present. As he anticipated, his own dog won.

Next morning, the papers carried the unusual story of a boxer presenting a cup to a promoter. "No one need apply for the job of Solomons's publicity agent," says Freddy Mills.

Besides promoting in Britain, Solomons also has interests in South Africa, and plans to extend them in the near future to Australia. "Some day," he says, "I hope to put on fights in New York. It's not impossible."

Boxing is now Solomons's life. "He's got himself into a dominant position and doesn't like to lose it," says Tom Hurst, who managed Woodcock. "The big fights rule him. He's the puppet."

Physically, Solomons has carried the strain well. His only complaint is a condition known as "nervous stomach," which affects him during periods of anxiety. Since the primary symptom is the refusal of his stomach to retain food, he cures it merely by not eating.

Besides the need for hard work and close attention to detail, Solomons learned early in his career that it pays to know all the tricks.

Haggled Until Last Day

Shortly after the end of the war, he organized a fight between Eddie Phillips, a thirty-five year old ex-cruiser-weight champion who was making a come-back by fighting heavyweights, and Ken Shaw, the shipyard champion from Scotland.

Phillips agreed to a purse of £500. Unfortunately, Shaw was injured in training and Solomons signed José Ricol, heavyweight champion of France, to take his place. Phillips immediately demanded £1,500. Promoter and boxer haggled right up to the day of the fight and, when Solomons refused to yield his friends started to get worried. "You'll be left without a fighter," they said.

Unknown to them, however, Solomons had a substitute for Phillips ready trained at a rival gym, and produced him at the weigh-in on the afternoon of the fight. The substitute, George James, champion of Wales, knocked out Ricol in the second round.

Normally, however, Solomons has a reputation for being loyal and open-handed. Even now, when Bruce Woodcock's favourite pastime is a game of dominoes with his customers in the taproom of the Angel in Bolsover, Derbyshire, Solomons has not forgotten him.

Recently, he rang to ask if Woodcock was still interested in greyhound racing. When he said he was, Solomons asked if would like a dog that was not quite good enough for Harringay. A few days later the dog arrived carriage paid from London, and soon took a prize at a local track.

"Every boxer wants to fight for Jack Solomons," says Woodcock. THE END

"It was dark and cold on an evening in February when we arrived in Princetown. We drove through the double gates into an area which a nineteenth century prison doctor called 'a great tomb of the living' and a modern Home Secretary described as 'a cesspool of humanity'..."

INSIDE DARTMOOR

A graphic personal story from Britain's grimmest prison

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

MR. GRIMALDI'S HAPPY MARRIAGE ROOM

Continued from page 9

that, as they wanted the marriage kept a secret, they could not go to their local office. But after the wedding one of Grimaldi's officials told him: "I live in Twickenham, too. That girl is my next door neighbour."

As the superintendent of the district, Grimaldi is in charge of the registration not only of marriages but of births and deaths as well, and in the line of duty he has been called from his Christmas dinner and from a bath at 10.15 at night. He keeps a list of strange name combinations and recalls uniting in wedlock Cann and Cant, Turpin and Boxer, and Penny and Farthing.

Saturday is the busiest day for weddings, and a hundred in one day—just after the war started in 1939—is his record so far. Four rooms were in use as marriage rooms, and a detailed timetable was drawn up for each.

While Grimaldi conducted the ceremony in one of them a clerk was helping the waiting couple in the next to fill in the marriage certificate. The doorman had the tricky task of keeping the different wedding parties sorted out in the one small waiting-room. Grimaldi had to bustle from one to another without a break so as to get through the hundred weddings between 8 a.m. and 6 p.m.—the only hours in which weddings may lawfully take place.

Ordinarily the biggest rush comes at the end of the financial year, to benefit from income tax reliefs, which may be as much as £40 or £50. Last March, Grimaldi married a young couple, but a few weeks later the bride's mother came to see him. "Of course, they're not living together," she remarked confidentially. "They went back to their own homes after the ceremony. It was only for the money. They won't get married properly till they can get a house."

Asked To Find A Bride

Some people expect the registrar to provide the partner as well as the ceremony, and Grimaldi often has letters making this request. "Usually, I ignore them," he says, "but there was one I couldn't resist."

It came during the war from a shy forty-one year old man in the R.A.F. His parents had died and had left him £2,000. He wanted to find and marry a war widow, and had no objection to children by a previous marriage. Rashly, Grimaldi showed the letter to the editor of the local newspaper, who printed it. The Sunday newspapers picked it up, and by ten o'clock that morning Grimaldi's telephone was ringing and callers were already at the front door.

On the Monday, the Post Office telephoned his office to ask what they should do with the thousands of letters which had arrived for him. The whole register office staff had to stay until late in the evening sorting the ordinary mail from the applications of eager war widows. Nearly four thousand wanted to marry the airman, who was so alarmed that he left his own village and went to live in another part of the country. Some of the letters are still lying in Grimaldi's desk, dusty and unread. "Never again," he says.

When he began his career as a registrar in 1912, Walter Grimaldi had been a clerk in the City. Wanting a change, he answered an advertisement for a solicitor's clerk in Tottenham. His new employer turned out to be the superintendent registrar.

The first civil wedding he conducted was a shock for young Walter Grimaldi, then aged twenty-four. He arrived in City clothes, striped trousers, tail coat and silk hat. His employer hurried in, dressed in plus fours and an old tweed jacket, ready for his game of golf. "Tell 'em when to stand up, when to sit down, and when to go," he told the young man, adding contemptuously: "That's all anyone who gets married in a register office deserves."

Grimaldi remembered his own formal white wedding in church, only a short time before, and was struck by the contrast with the bare register office, in a converted stable. The next week he bought flowers with his own money to brighten the shabby room.

"It Can't Happen Here"

Later he persuaded the council to spend £75 on furniture, and when he succeeded to the job of superintendent registrar he had the office moved.

At every social function he attends, at least one person is sure to come up to Grimaldi and say: "You won't remember, but you married us."

Grimaldi told this to Andrew Kidd, a talks producer, when he went to Broadcasting House to record some of his reminiscences. "Ah, well," said the producer confidently, "it can't happen here." Then he turned to the girl in the control-room. "How did it go?" he asked.

"Fine," she said. "Good afternoon, Mr. Grimaldi. You don't remember me, but you married us." THE END

UNBROKEN

Continued from page 15

familiar red, and I looked across Paul Thirsk's shoulder as he wrote in his notebook: "Air raid visible at thirty or forty miles. Feeling well out of it except for forty pounds left in my upstairs drawer." These wealthy bachelors!

The following day we sighted a 4,000-ton ship escorted by torpedo-boats and aircraft, well to seaward. For an hour we chased them, but they drew away. Later we heard thirty-seven distant explosions. Depth charges. It seemed as though United was getting the heat.

We surfaced as soon as we dared in order to break wireless silence and inform Malta of the merchantman's course. Later we saw distant flares as our aircraft combed the sea in search of her. Then came a signal from Captain "Shrimp" Simpson saying she had been damaged by an aerial torpedo and that United and ourselves were to go in and finish her off.

Floundering Target

We altered course towards the position of the crippled ship as reported by our aircraft. I hoped the Fleet Air Arm boys were accurate, although it would be understandable if they were not, for they were operating in the dark, 250 miles from base, with nothing on which to fix their position save unidentifiable desert and sea.

At 10 a.m. the following morning Malta came through to inform us that the merchant vessel was stopped and floundering ninety miles to eastwards. As I'd feared, the position given the previous night had been inaccurate. We swung round to eastwards and hurried on, only to suffer another spasm of enraged helplessness. For in the afternoon four small vessels, including a tug and a decrepit gunboat, waddled past. They were clearly going to the assistance of the damaged supply ship.

They were too small for torpedo targets, but as I prepared to surface to demolish the tug by gunfire an aircraft wheeled into view. I stomped about the wardroom cursing heartily, until a further signal from Malta directed us to a new position off Khoms. It was estimated that dawn would bring the tug, merchantman in tow, sailing past us.

But dawn brought neither tug nor merchantman. Signal followed signal, and we spent the entire day chasing backwards and forwards across the ocean, tempers deteriorating with each new alteration of course. Frustrated and angry, we swore and fumed, until Shrimp came through with positive information that our quarry was beached off the Khoms anchorage. We were to torpedo her there, using just one kipper.

Plotting The Attack

In the wardroom I examined the charts in company with Thirsk and Haddow. "The place should be free of mines," I said, "although that's pure guesswork on my part. The main trouble is that we'll have to operate in water less than fifteen fathoms deep. Not only will our lines of escape be restricted in depth, but in direction as well."

I ran my finger along the chart. "Look. After firing, there's only one course we can take—turn about and aim for the sea along the path we used coming in. The enemy won't need to be very good with his asdic to pick us up. They'll know we must be hopping it along a nice straight line at ninety degrees to the coast. It's the only place we could be."

"The trouble with this coast," said Thirsk, "is that the water's too shallow."

"How about currents?" asked Haddow.

In a normal attack, the target, torpedoes and submarines are equally affected by tidal streams and currents. Thus the problem cancels itself out. But when a ship is aground and therefore fixed to the shore, the current can make all the difference.

"As no one here has any local knowledge of Khoms," I said, "that problem is in the lap of the gods." I thought a moment. "The general set is south-east, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," replied Thirsk.

"That doesn't mean a thing as there are usually counter-currents in these coastal indentations and bays. I'm inclined to allow nothing. Then the error will be only half what it would be if we allowed, say, a knot in the wrong direction." A tortuous piece of reasoning, but it was the best I could do.

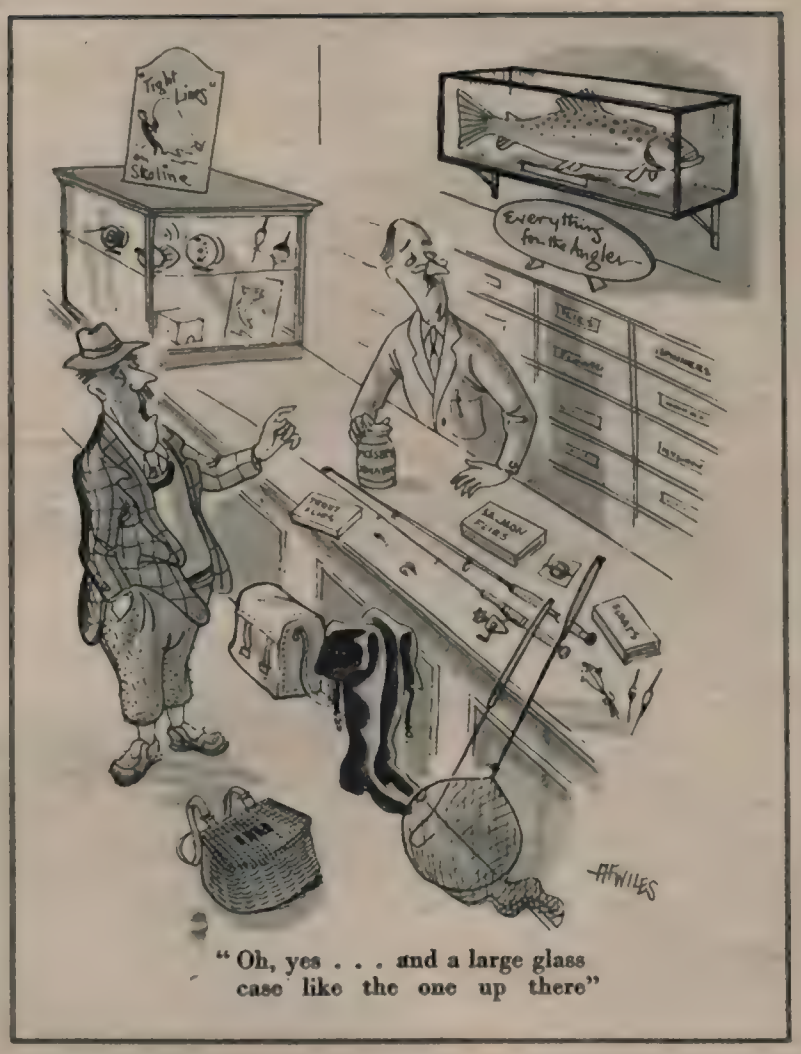
Our spirits were bucked at having a positive destination after buzzing around like drunken bluebottles. But the sight of Khoms through the big periscope had a sobering influence. For one thing the sky was alive with aircraft, indicating that the enemy put a high value on the crippled merchantman's cargo. Tanks, probably, or motor vehicles. Then a torpedo-boat hove in sight and started to patrol between ourselves and our target.

The merchantman was beached a few cables off the main lighthouse at Khoms. She had a list of ten degrees to port and her bows pointed east. A schooner lay alongside and a tug and a second schooner stood by some yards off. It appeared as though the enemy were investigating the situation to decide whether to attempt to refloat the crippled vessel or remove her cargo and leave her there.

No Sign Of Panic

The shoaling waters made a close approach impossible, and the inaccurate charting of the surrounding coast made it extremely difficult to fix our position with the precision the situation demanded. As we crept in I glanced round the control-room, and could see that none liked the set-up. Nothing was said, there were no signs of panic—simply an almost imperceptible stiffness of bodies and tightness of lips. I thanked my lucky stars I had not yet encountered the moment of panic beloved by film producers, when a man rushes to the conning tower, screaming: "Let me out! Let me out!"

Joe Sizer and "Rattler" Morgan, his second, were as steady as granite as they rotated the 'planes, and kept us at the ordered twenty-seven feet. There was no cheeky grin on Cryer's face as he struggled to maintain contact with the torpedo-boat. His forehead was furrowed and he was plainly worried. I could guess the cause: the water noises along the sea bed, only a few feet beneath us. Haig Haddow's face was solemn as he leaned over the backs of the 'planesmen, grasping the conning tower ladder for support. Occasionally he twisted round to transmit a trimming order on the telegraphs to the pump operators huddled in the bilges.



"Oh, yes . . . and a large glass case like the one up there"

Like Bookie's Runner

Archdale was bent over the chart tables, feverishly active. Nervously, ginger-haired Signalman Osborne rubbed a piece of brasswork in no need of a polish. Somewhere behind me, Manuel hovered, while Telegraphist Morris was squeezed against the steering wheel clutching the control-room log with one hand, a pencil at the end of a piece of string in the other. As orders were given he recorded them in the log with the furtive haste of a bookie's runner.

I saw all this at one hurried moment, and transferred my attention back to the periscope. I shared the common uneasiness, but I hoped I did not show it.

We nosed slowly into the shallow water. I turned to Haddow. "What's the sounding?"

"Fourteen fathoms, sir." That was the overall depth of the water—twenty feet of it above the casing, fifty-odd feet of it below the keel.

"Cryer! Watch carefully for the torpedo running. It may easily hit the bottom . . . . Stand by Number Three tube . . . . Starboard ten . . . . Steer two hundred."

We swung sluggishly, and I became too engrossed in the job on hand to experience further doubts or qualms. The torpedo-boat was still patrolling without suspicion. We were within range of her asdic now, but as we were nearly bows-on to her we made a small target for its beam.

"Number Three tube ready, sir."

I took careful aim at the merchantman's funnel. The steering was steady. I was dead on. A sitting shot.

"Range?"

"Five thousand, sir."

"Fire three! Down periscope!"

At that second, as I clipped up the periscope handles, I saw the torpedo-boat steaming away to eastwards, one aircraft over the target, another coming towards us, a third circling Khoms. I was thankful that the muddy water would conceal the torpedo track.

We waited, creeping farther into the unfriendly shallows. . . . "Up after periscope. What is the running time?"

"Running time, three minutes twenty seconds."

The seconds seemed minutes, the minutes hours. I wiped my damp forehead with the towel round my neck.

"Four minutes, sir."

Not a sound. I'll try just one more.

"Stand by Number Four tube. Down after, up foremost periscope."

Torpedo Stuck In Mud

I gazed at the scene ahead. The periscope's magnification was such that my field was almost restricted to the target, the lighthouse behind, the schooner alongside and the tug. No sign of alarm. Once again I fixed my sights on the wretched ship's funnel.

"Fire four."

The discharge raised our bows.

"Down periscope."

The bubbles on the inclinometer's gauges leaped forrard. We were coming up. "Speed her up if you have to," I told Haddow. "We can't afford to break surface here."

A moment's anxious pause, then: "It's all right, sir. We've got her." The bubbles stopped moving forward and crept back to a central position.

From Cryer: "I can't hear that one."

Hell! The torpedo has hit the bottom. She's stuck in the mud there. That's why the other didn't explode. . . . Oh damnation! I was told to fire one kipper into this wreck. I've fired two and they've both missed. What now?

I tried to decide whether I should clear out and come back that night. If I did I could creep in to within a thousand yards for a certain hit. On the other hand a hit from a thousand yards would bring a torpedo-boat on to us at a spot where we wouldn't be able to dive. It was not worth the risk. In any case I probably would not be able to get into such a favourable position again. I decided that I would fire one more torpedo, and one more only.

"Stand by Number One tube." I crossed to the after periscope. "Sounding?"

"Twelve fathoms, sir."

We'll be aground in a moment!

"Hurry up the tube."

"Number One tube, ready, sir."

"Clamp me on zero."

Manuel gave the periscope a slight twist. "On now, sir."

"Fire one. Down periscope. Half ahead together . . . . Hard a-port."

"Torpedo running, sir."

"Up after periscope."

The range had been four thousand yards. Running time: two minutes, forty seconds. We sunk slowly as we turned.

"Slow together. Bring her up to twenty-eight. I want to see."

Only One Way Back

Mullett screwed round on his stool at the wheel. "What course, sir?"

I looked at the chart. "Where's the pencil?" Osborne rummaged in the bilges under the chart table. "Hasn't anyone got a bloody pencil?" I roared.

Morris, sensing my rising anger, quickly jerked his from the control-room log and passed it over. I fiddled with the chart and parallel rulers. As I'd anticipated, there was only one course to steer—back along the road that brought us in. "Bring her round to oh-two-oh."

"Two minutes thirty . . . Forty . . . . Three minutes, sir."

I swore aloud. "Haig, tell the boys we've missed and we're getting out of here."

Twenty-eight feet. Through the after periscope I could see a flap around the merchantman. The schooner had cast off and the tug was flying some sort of signal. As we had not scored a hit, they must have seen the torpedo track pass close. I took a look at the torpedo-boat. She was still going away.

NEXT WEEK: We are trapped in an underwater inferno

CAROLE CARR

Continued from page 12

cowboy serial now in its sixth series.

Charles Chilton, the producer of the programme, says: "The songs we use are genuine Westerns, and many of them are unknown in this country. Carole makes rehearsals easy by sailing through the script first time. And she's a natural mimic. She speaks an Arizona accent as if born to it; many Americans have written and told her so."

Carole received about four thousand song requests during her thirteen weeks with *Calling All Forces*. Each of them, whether granted on the air or not, was answered with a letter and signed photograph. But, proud of the fact that her heart is in her home, she says emphatically: "I hate being known as 'The Sweetheart of the Forces.' After all, I've been married four years. I prefer to think of myself as a link between the men overseas and their families at home."

Recently, Carole went to meet some of the men who listened to *Calling All Forces*. She made a 17,000-mile tour of Korea, Japan, Hongkong, Singapore and Malaya.

"We did two shows daily," recalls Bill Snaith, her pianist for the trip. "Our strangest audience was a group of impassive-looking King's African Rifles. Carole was puzzled by the loudly whispered messages which were passed from row to row the moment she started singing. Afterwards, it was explained that no discourtesy was intended. Interpreters were translating the lyrics into Swahili."

Born Betty Carless, Carole Carr grew up in Woodford, Essex, wanting to be like her elder sister, Dorothy Carless, who had established herself as a popular singer in the thirties. When Betty was fourteen, Dorothy mentioned her kid sister's singing abilities to Jack Payne, who invited the youngster to come for an audition.

"I didn't know whether to let her go," recalls her mother. "All the same, I didn't want to stand in her way. I took her to London for the audition, but after she had sung 'White Christmas' with several slips, I was convinced that she was far too young."

Jack Payne, on the other hand, says: "I was amazed that she had the looks and voice of a mature girl of twenty. I engaged her on the spot.

"She was very keen, though, to change her name and be independent of her sister's reputation. I shortened Carless to Carr, and decided that Carole sounded the best Christian name."

The newly named Carole Carr sang with Payne's band for two and a half years, and afterwards joined Geraldo, with whom she stayed until 1949 after becoming the first singer on postwar TV. Then she branched into the broader, and more lucrative, opportunities of free-lance work.

Her height is a headache for TV producers. Kenneth Carter, who presented many of the *Hit Parade* programmes, in which short stories were woven round popular songs and acted by vocalists, says: "She is five feet eight inches and wears three-inch heels. Consequently her leading men must be at least six feet tall. When Bruce Trent, who is six feet one inch, left the show, I soon discovered that tall male singers are few and far between. I auditioned fifty applicants for his job. My first question, before hearing them sing, had to be: 'What height are you?'

"My search ended when I met David Hughes. He was measured back-to-back against Carole and proved to be a full six feet one inch."

Except for the occasional outbursts of authority on musical matters, which tend to exasperate her colleagues, Carole is quiet and self-effacing. Nevertheless, TV staff have learned that she is conscious of her talents.

"Her figure is in the film-star class, and she likes to wear gowns which emphasize the fact," says a producer. "Recently she appeared in a close-up in a very décolleté gown, and some viewers, who saw only her head and bare shoulders, accused her of wearing nothing but a necklace and earrings. In her next programme, the wardrobe department avoided further misunderstanding by wrapping her in a stole."

Her own romance was a contrast to the dreamy love affairs of which she sings. "I had always imagined that my engagement would be the climax to passionate wooing on a moonlit balcony. Instead, Peter simply said in an offhand way, over a cup of coffee in his club: 'After the war, I suppose I'll leave the R.A.F., find a job and marry you.' He did."

One of the hazards in indiscriminately pledging "eternal love" in song is that listeners tend to look her up while on leave. "Some time ago," says her husband, "the telephone rang and a man's voice asked to speak to Miss Carr. I offered to fetch my *wife*, and the line promptly went dead. Now I always use this technique, and usually have the pleasure of hearing a disappointed click before Carole gets there."

She has little time for evenings out. On weekdays she sets her alarm clock for 7.30 a.m. and is busy with radio, TV, films, cabaret, gramophone recordings and unpaid engagements of publicity value, such as judging talent-spotting competitions.

She is fond of the open air and willingly accepts invitations to outdoor functions. But when mounting a wooden stage at a fête or flower show, she automatically casts a searching glance at the roofing arrangements.

This precaution dates from a disastrous concert on a hillside in Korea which dampened her ego completely. Carefully made-up and dressed in her smartest, brightest clothes, she was singing "Never" when it began to rain hard.

An enormous pool of water collected in a bulge in the awning immediately above her head, and as she reached the line, "My love is bright as the sun, it shines on for ever," the canvas burst and she was drenched with gallons of water.

"I struggled through the rest of the act with my frock soaked and clinging, my hair dead straight and blue eye-shadow running down my cheeks in two wide streaks," she recalls. "I had to admit that, for once, my efforts to captivate an audience with feminine charm had been a wash-out." THE END

IN THE WET

Continued from page 17

shall be out of this stuff about twenty-five thousand feet. A probable headwind, fifty to sixty knots at cruising altitude."

What's the E.T.A. Ottawa?" asked the Prince.

"Zero three fifteen," said the pilot, "About ten fifteen, local time. It's going to take us about six and a half hours."

The Prince nodded. "Let me know when you get in radio contact with Ottawa direct," he said. "I shall have some signals to make then." He turned and went to the machine.

David followed him.

"May we take off now, sir?"

"Go when you like, Captain."

"Very good, sir."

Half an hour later they came out through the cloud into the clear moonlight at twenty-three thousand feet. Ahead of them the night was deep blue and serene. David sat motionless as the machine climbed on her course; he roused presently at a touch upon his shoulder, and it was the Prince.

"Mind if I sit here for a bit, Captain?"

"Of course, sir." Ryder slipped out of his seat. "Would you like to come here?" asked David.

"No—this'll be all right." He slipped into the second pilot's seat, Ryder withdrew to the navigator's table and the radio operator began to get bearings and positions for him.

David offered the Prince a cigarette, which was refused. It was quiet in the cockpit of the Ceres. The fine lines and the heavy structure of the windscreen to resist the pressure deadened the rush of air, and the engines were far behind. They sat in the dimmed lights of the instruments watching the blue starry night ahead of them without speaking, and the altimeter needle made circuit after circuit of the dial as they sat. The Prince sat staring ahead into the night, immersed in thought. David sat letting the machine fly herself upon the automatic pilot, relaxed, watching the hands move on the dials in front of him.

Presently the Prince said. "Is this your first spell of duty in England, Anderson?"

"That's right, sir," he replied. "I've never been stationed in England before."

"You've spent all your life in the R.A.A.F., haven't you?"

"Yes, sir. I entered as a boy apprentice when I was fifteen years old. I got my commission from the ranks when I'd been in six years."

"And since then you've done nothing but fly aeroplanes?"

"That's right, sir."

"Lucky devil."

Presently the Prince spoke again. "If I'd had the chance, I'd have tried to do what you've done," he said quietly. "Go into the R.A.F. and try to make a go of it, and get the rings because you've earned them, not because you're heir to the Throne." He turned to David. "Some people are born lucky."

The pilot grinned. "I wasn't born lucky. I was born in a ditch, and my mother was a half-caste girl. They must have told you that."

"They told us that. I still say you were born lucky. You could choose your life, and make it what you wanted it to be."

"Yes, sir."

They flew on in silence for a quarter of an hour, staring ahead into the blue, starry night. Presently the Prince slipped from the second pilot's seat, thanked David, and went back to his cabin.

Three hours after take-off, they were south of Cape Farewell and about an hour out from Belle Isle at the north end of Newfoundland. Radio from Ottawa began to come in loud and clear; David sent Ryder to tell the Prince and to get his signals for transmission. The stewardess brought him a tray of supper in the cockpit and he sat eating in the pilot's seat. When he had finished, he handed over the control to Ryder and took a little stroll through the machine. Forty minutes later he began a slow let down when they were somewhere over Anticosti, they passed over Quebec in a clear sky at twenty five thousand feet and saw the city as a mass of tiny strings of lights upon the velvety black ground. So presently they came to Ottawa, six hours and forty minutes after they had left White Waltham.

They taxied Tare to the tarmac and shut off the engines; David left his seat and went aft to the Prince, who turned to thank him for the flight before he left the aircraft.

David followed him down the steps on to the aerodrome; Frank Cox and Dewar were there, and a car waiting for the Prince and his valet. When that had driven off, Frank Cox turned to David. "Good trip?"

"Quite all right. What happens to us now?"

"Wait here for orders for a day or two. I've got you accommodation with the R.C.A.F. here." They set to work to move the aircraft to the parking place and snug it down for the night under a guard of the Royal Canadian Air Force Regiment. An hour later David was going to bed, with Dewar chatting to him in the doorway as he took his shoes off.

The Australian said: "Come in and shut the door a minute." The Canadian did so. "What's this all in aid of—do you know?"

"I don't know a thing. We heard about White Waltham — that was splashed in all the papers here." He paused. "Our people hit the roof. It happened the day after we got here, and they'd had pages of photographs of the Queen and the aircraft and me and Johnny Canada's own aeroplane of the Queen's Flight and the Queen coming in it. You know how it is." The Australian nodded. "You may have to watch your step with the reporters. They were on to me this morning trying to find out if I knew anything about it. Feeling's running a bit high just now."

David nodded. "I'll tell the boys." He paused. "I wish to God they'd get a better class of politician back at home," he said. "This thing need never have happened at all."

David put his shoes outside the door for the French Canadian batman, and put his coat across the chair. "I'm going to turn in," he said. "To hell with politics. Where's Macmahon staying?"

"At the Chateau Laurier Hotel—the two girls are there, too. I think he spends most of his time at Gatineau, though."

"I expect he does, with all this bloody nonsense going on."

The Canadian went away, and David went to bed, having secured the information that he wanted. He was tired with the responsibility of the flight and he slept heavily, but he set his small alarm clock for the morning and at half-past seven he was speaking on the telephone to Rosemary in the hotel.

"Sorry to ring so early," he said. "We just got in last night." He paused. "I was wondering if you'd have dinner with me tonight."

She said: "I'd love to, Nigger. I don't know whether we'll be able to. It was a very busy day yesterday—I didn't get back here till after nine. And it's going to be another busy one today. Are you going to be here tonight, do you think?"

"I haven't an idea," he told

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ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS

her. "We're just waiting for orders."

"I doubt if you'll be here," she said. "I think you may be going back to London." She paused. "I don't know anything, really," she said. "I think they're all at sixes and sevens."

"If I've got to beat it back to England our date's off," he said. "But if it's not, where shall we dine, and when?"

"Do you mind if we dine here, fairly late?" she asked. "Say about eight o'clock? If it's a day like yesterday I shan't feel up to going anywhere, but I'd love to see you and hear all your news."

"I've not got much," he said. "I'll be at the hotel about eight, then. Look after yourself."

He rang off and went into the mess for breakfast. By half past ten the fuelling and the inspection of the machine was finished and he dismissed the crew, with a warning not to leave the camp till further notice.

Frank Cox turned up shortly before lunch in one of the Royal cars, and David reported to him. "We're in readiness again now," he said. "Any orders, sir?"

"Keep standing by," the group captain said. "I'm going out to Gatineau again after lunch. They're having a high-level conference there now, I think. One or other of them will probably be going back tonight."

They lunched together in the mess, and then Frank Cox drove off again in his car.

DAVID, left with the afternoon upon his hands, went and lay down on his bed. He had the prospect of another flight that evening back to England in front of him and in anticipation he would catch up on his sleep.

He was roused at about five by Dewar coming quickly into the room.

"I'm taking the Prince back to England in Sugar," Dewar said. "We're pushing off at half past six."

"Well, what's happening to me?"

"They've got something else lined up for you, I think. I don't know what it is."

He went out of the room, urgent and busy in the preparations for his flight. David got up and dressed with care; in all these swift alarums and excursions there was still a chance that he would be allowed to keep his dinner date with Rosemary.

At five minutes to eight David drove up to the hotel. He dismissed the taxi and went into the inquiry desk and asked for Miss Long. The clerk said: "She said to go up to Suite 23—second floor." He went up in the elevator and found the door. Rosemary opened it to him, and he went in. There was a faint colour in her cheeks, and though she was evidently tired he thought her prettier than ever.

"My word," he said, "they do you proud. I don't get a suite."

She laughed. "This isn't mine," she said. "It's Major Macmahon's, but he's dining at Gatineau with the Queen tonight." She hesitated. "There are so many reporters here," she said. "We'd probably have trouble with them if we dined down in the public rooms, so I asked him if we could have dinner up here. Do you mind?"

"Of course not," he replied. He took his coat off. "I shan't stay very long," he said. "I know you're tired."

She smiled. "I'm all right," she said a little wearily. "It's just being cooped up in the office gets you down a bit. I tried to go out for half an hour's walk yesterday afternoon, but there was a woman reporter just walked with me all the way. I had to give up and come back. They know there's something in the wind, but they don't know what it is."

"Never mind," he said. "Let's order a drink and talk about boats."

She smiled at him and pressed the bell, and presently the sherry and tomato cocktails came, and then the dinner. They tried to keep the conversation upon boats, but the pressure of great events was against them. Once she said: "Did you hear anything about this row in England, David?"

He smiled at her. "Nothing but what's in the newspapers," he said. "We don't gossip in this servants' hall."

She laughed. "Oh, you pig. To throw that up at me!"

"Why not?" he laughed with her. "I had a very good teacher."

HE paused. "I haven't seen the newspapers here. Can you tell me what's happened at this end, without gossiping too much?"

"I typed a communiqué this afternoon—three drafts and then the final," she said. "It's being issued to the press by now. I can tell you what's in that."

"What?"

She said: "Her Majesty has taken the opportunity afforded by her residence in Canada to hold conversations upon Commonwealth affairs with the Governor-General, the Prime Minister, the Leader of the Opposition, and with various elder statesmen of the Federal and the Provincial Governments. These conversations will be continued as opportunity presents itself in the other countries of the Commonwealth."

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"I don't know, Nigger," she replied. "I only wish I did."

"I can tell you, or make a pretty good guess."

"What's your guess?"

"They've been debating what the hell they're going to do about England."

She sat in silence for a minute, staring at the table cloth. Then she raised her head, and said: "You're probably right, Nigger. But I'm an Englishwoman, and so is the Queen. I don't like hearing that sort of thing put into words. I don't suppose that she does, either."

"I'm sorry, Rosemary," he said. "I'm just a bloody colonial, I suppose. Forget it."

"I can't forget it," she said unhappily. "I can't forget it, because I know it's probably true. It's just that I don't care to hear it said."

They finished dinner and got up from the table; she rang the bell and the French Canadian waiter came to clear the table.

They sat down in armchairs before the electric stove in the ornamental fireplace. "Let's play a game of some sort, Nigger," she said wistfully. "Let's try and stop thinking about this wretched thing. Do you know any games?"

"You've not got any cards? Or chess? Or draughts?" She shook her head. He grinned and thought for a minute. "I tell you what," he said. "Suppose you got a little illness—not too bad, but just enough to make you lose your job in the Palace. And suppose you couldn't take another real job because of your bad health. And suppose, then, somebody left you five thousand a year. What would you do with yourself? You tell me first, and then I'll tell you what I'd do."

She laughed. "You mean, I'd be well enough to do whatever I wanted to, but too ill to do any work?"

"That's right."

"What lovely illnesses you do think of!"

"Too right," he said. "What would you do?"

She thought for a minute. "I believe I'd have a boat like yours," she said. "A five tonner, just big enough for one to live in comfortably, or two at a pinch. I'd have a cottage with just a couple of bedrooms and a sitting-room and kitchen, looking out over the sea. Somewhere near Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight, I think."

"And just live there, and sail your boat?"

"I think so—remember, I'm too ill to do any work." She laughed. "Now you tell me what you'd do. Mind—no flying. You're too ill to work, too."

"I think I'd get a shark boat and fit it up as a yacht," he said. "They're rather like some of your English fishing boats, with a little wheelhouse at the stern. They're splendid sea-boats; you could go round the world in a shark boat."

SHE laughed. "Do you want to go round the world, David? You must have been round it about twenty times already."

He laughed with her. "Ah, but that's flying. You never see anything when you're flying." He thought for a moment. "I don't know that I want to go round the world in my shark boat," he said. "I'd like to cruise in it about Australia. Tasmania's full of lovely creeks and harbours. And then up north, it would be tremendous fun to cruise about the Celebes, and the Sunda Islands, and the Moluccas, all the way to Borneo. That's a huge cruising ground that no one ever visits."

"I'm not sure that you aren't cheating," she said. "If you're too ill to fly, are you well enough to go in a shark boat?"

"Of course," he said. "It's only work that makes me go all queer."

"I wouldn't be happy without some kind of a job to do," she said thoughtfully.

He glanced at her. "You'd better come and cook for me on the shark boat."

"You wouldn't want an invalid cook, liable to die on you at any moment," she laughed.

"I don't know," he said. "We'd be a couple of old crocks together, with ten thousand a year."

"You might have a lot of fun on ten thousand a year," she said reflectively.

"We could have a lot of fun together on a darn sight less than that," he replied.

She coloured a little, and said

LIFE WITH FATHER

ONE day I found my father standing on the drive before the house, in his stockinged feet, benignly watching the departure of an old tramp shod in his best golf shoes. Father smiled and turned to me. "He needs them more than I," he said. He was then the world's highest-paid author, getting ten shillings a word.

He was a man of impulses. They were sudden and quite unpredictable. Once he drove thirty miles to help an old gipsy woman. Another time, at the age of seventy-one, he sallied forth with the express purpose of thrashing with his umbrella a man who had alleged that he was making psychic propaganda of the death of my brother.

Father had an Irish temper, but only once did I meet the white blast of his fury—and that was for being rude to a housemaid.

Descended from a line of impoverished Irish country squires, Father belonged to the old school. A tenet of his inflexible code as a gentleman was courtesy to people of lower social status.

Another tenet of the code was protective chivalry towards women. I broke that, too, in Father's estimation, when I lit my pipe in a public place with women present. Without hesitating he snatched the pipe from my mouth and broke it.

My recollections of Father are contained between two vivid impressions—my first, as a little boy, being lifted to the nursery window to watch him and the then Prime Minister, Herbert Asquith, pacing up and down the lawn in earnest discussion; and my last, as he died with his great hand clutching mine.

Somewhere, midway, are memories of many long walks across the moors, when he would hold forth on the Weald strata, or the bloody history of the Ashdown smugglers. Occasionally he would burst into song—sea shanties, which he roared out in a deep resonant voice.

Throughout my twenty-one years under his roof, the bigness of his character ran as an undiminished force.

He played for Hampshire in both cricket and football; reached the third round of the Amateur Billiards Championship; was a hard rider to hounds; drove as one of the British team in the Prince Henry motor race against Germany in 1911, and

was one of the first to introduce ski-ing into Switzerland.

In his seventies he took up painting and, in the last year of his life, he climbed into the mechanic's seat of my racing car, persuading me to go all out. We touched 120 miles an hour.

From his writing-desk he conducted many notable affairs, from his successful campaign for the wrongly convicted Slater, who was proved innocent of murder after spending eighteen years in prison, to the necessity for lifebelts in warships.

I have dozens of exercise books and notebooks in my possession, each one filled with his tiny copperplate handwriting interspersed with diagrams and sketches, and each containing the raw bones of one of his books.

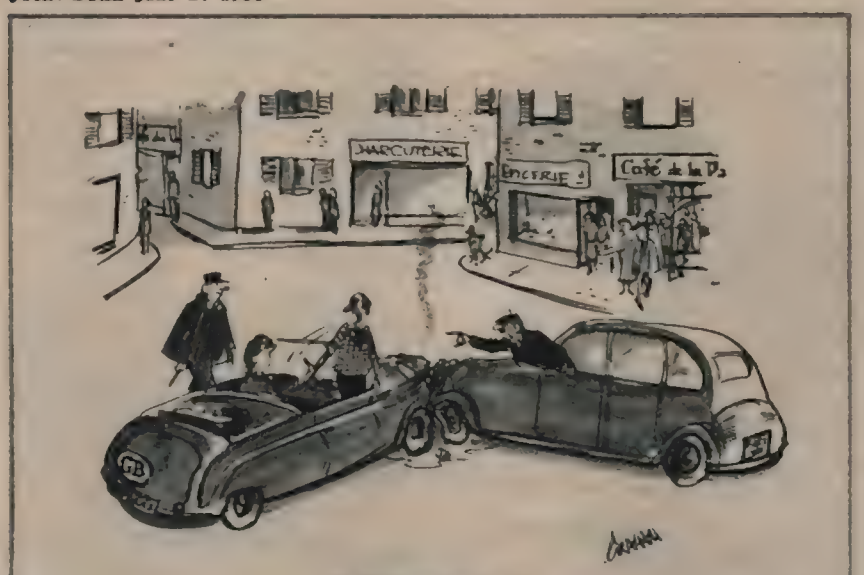
Usually he was at work by 6.30 each morning, in a red dressing-gown and smoking a curving pipe—the very accoutrements of his most famous character. Sometimes he would disappear into his study for two or three days on end. This would mean that he was occupied with some real-life crime case.

Criminal experts have said that the modern police system is founded on methods invented by my father. The French Sûreté named the great Lyons crime laboratory in his honour. Denmark gave him a Viking chair, and Canada a mountain.

But I think one of his proudest moments was when he and I were in America thirty years ago and we visited a Coney Island dance hall while thousands of couples were dancing the Charleston.

Father was instantly recognized, the band struck up "God Save The King," and everybody on the floor stood to attention.

Who was the famous father? For his name—and the complete photograph—turn to page 31



"Phrase-book!"

nothing. She sat staring at the elements of the fire, and he sat silent, noticing the curl of her hair behind her ear, the soft lines of her neck, wondering if he had said too much. She stirred at last, and looked at her wrist watch. "Quarter past ten," she said prosaically. "I'm going to have a cup of tea before going to bed. Will you have one, David?"

He got to his feet. "Don't you think I'd better go home?" he said. "You ought to get to bed, and so ought I. I may have to work tomorrow, and you certainly will."

The door of the sitting-room opened, and they turned towards it. Macmahon walked in with the group captain.

FRANK COX turned to the pilot. "The Queen's changed her plans," he said. "She wants to go from here to Canberra, in Tare."

The pilot stood in thought for a moment by the fireplace. Then he said: "Which way round?"

"You know the form better than I do, Nigger," the group captain said. "Which way would you rather?"

"It just depends if there's enough fuel held on Christmas Island." David glanced at the group captain. "You don't want to land outside the Commonwealth? There's fuel for us at Honolulu."

"Christmas Island would be better. Four thousand gallons, and a hundred and fifty gallons of oil?"

The pilot nodded.

"I'll get a signal off at once."

"If there's no fuel there," the pilot said, "we'd better go the other way about. In that case, we'd better go back to White Waltham, and then on with one stop at Colombo."

"Not England," said Macmahon.

David looked up quickly. "Oh. Well, Malta. There's all the fuel that we'd need at Malta."

The Secretary said: "I think the Pacific route would be better. Is there an alternative if there should be no fuel at Christmas Island?"

The pilot bit his lip. "Fiji, from Vancouver," he said. "That's the only one that keeps inside the Commonwealth. I'm not sure if that's too far for us or not. You'll have to let me go and work it out." He turned to the group captain. "What time does she want to start?"

"As soon as possible, I think."

"West about," said David. "If it's Christmas, I think we'll try and get there in daylight. Take off about nine thirty, after breakfast?"

"I think that would be all right. Have you been to Christmas?"

David nodded. "I've been there three times. It's just a staging post, you know, on an island that's a coconut plantation. I don't know that it's been used much since the war. The R.A.A.F. still have a detachment there."

He paused for a moment in thought. "Food," he went on. "We'd better stock up here for the whole trip to Canberra. We shan't get much at Christmas, and we'll only be there to refuel for an hour. How many people will be coming?"

"The whole party," said Macmahon. "Eight passengers and the group captain."

From the background Rosemary said quietly: "Am I going, Major?"

"Of course. Couldn't do without you."

The pilot said: "I'd better go and do my sums." He turned to Rosemary. "Thanks for the dinner, Miss Long. See you in the morning." He put his coat on, and went out.

A reporter intercepted him while he was waiting for a taxi, and got a rude rebuff. He drove out to the aerodrome and worked for half an hour with Ryder at the navigator's table in the Ceres, for the maps had been left in the aircraft. They walked back to the mess across the frosty tarmac under a bright moon, and talked again by telephone to Frank Cox in the hotel suite. Christmas Island, it appeared, had fuel; they confirmed the take-off time as nine thirty and rang off, Cox to ring the Consort at Gatineau and David to start negotiations with Area Control for clearance to fly over the United States.

News of the Queen's departure had got around, and by nine o'clock a crowd of several thousand people had assembled on the aerodrome to see her go. A detachment of the Mounted Police were there to keep the tarmac clear, and to control the press photographers and the television crew.

It was a bright, sunny morning with a sharp nip in the air. The first car to arrive was that of the Governor General, known to soldiers and airmen throughout the Commonwealth as Tom Forrest. He got out and greeted Frank Cox genially, and walked to the machine, a powerful, fresh-faced, friendly man. He was introduced to David and shook hands with him, and made a quick inspection of the aircraft before the Queen came. Then they joined the Prime Minister, Mr. Delamain, and several members of the Cabinet upon the tarmac.

THE Royal car arrived. Cameras whirred and flash bulbs flared as the Queen stepped out, followed by the Consort. David had seen the Queen only once before when she had inspected the new aircraft at White Waltham; in comparison with her appearance on that happy afternoon she now seemed tired and worn. There was a short period of shaking hands and leave-taking upon the tarmac, and then she hurried into the machine with only a brief smile towards the crowd.

An hour later they were cruising at their operating height in brilliant sunshine, above a white, flocculent cloud floor far below. David left the control to Ryder and walked aft down the length of the machine. He stopped and talked to Macmahon for a little and to the middle-aged Miss Turnbull, and finally he came to Rosemary.

"Getting on all right?" he asked.

"Fine. Where are we now?"

"I should think we're somewhere

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CVS-31

over the bottom end of Lake Michigan," he said. "We go a little bit north of Chicago."

"Where is Christmas Island, Nigger?"

"Twenty degrees south of Hawaii," he said. "We get there in about ten hours from Ottawa, at half-past seven by your watch, more or less. But there's nine hours' time difference and we're going with the sun, so it will still be the middle of the morning when we get there."

She smiled at him. "It's going to be a terribly long day."

"I know," he said. "I should try and sleep a bit, if I were you."

He went on aft and spoke for a time to the steward and the stewardess about the meals. Then he asked: "What's Her Majesty doing?"

"She's lying down, sir. I made up her bed."

"She's all right, is she? Not sick, or anything?"

The girl shook her head. "I think she's just very tired, sir. She said she hadn't been sleeping well."

The doctor was the eighth member of the Royal party, a Harley Street physician, Dr. Mitchison. David stopped by his chair on his way back to the cockpit and had a word with him, and was reassured. He went on forward; passing the Consort's cabin the door was open, and the Consort standing in it. He said: "May I come up to the flight deck, Captain?"

"Sure, sir," said David. For a quarter of an hour he discussed the navigation with the naval officer, and then for a time they played with the periscopic sextant and took a line of position. The machine hung suspended in the sky, apparently motionless; it needed careful scrutiny of the cloud floor below to detect any forward movement at all. Slowly they crept across Iowa and Nebraska.

THE Consort stayed with David for an hour, sitting in the pilot's seat. "I'd like to bring the Queen up here when she gets up," he said presently. "She's a bit tired now."

"Of course, sir."

The Consort went back to his cabin, and David sat at the control while Ryder rested on one of the berths at the rear of the flight deck. The stewardess brought him a tray of lunch and he ate it in the pilot's seat as they passed over Arizona with the grey and red mountains showing far below.

Frank Cox came forward and relieved him at the control, and David went down aft to Rosemary. "We're just going to cross the coast," he said. "Would you like to come up to the office now? There won't be anything to look at for a long time after this."

She said, "I'd love to."

He took her forward to the cockpit and sat her in the second pilot's seat. Frank Cox retired aft with the expressed intention of going to sleep, and David sat for an hour or so with Rosemary at the control. The aircraft pursued a steady course in the control of the automatic pilot.

"I'd let you fly it for a bit," he said, "but the Queen's asleep, according to the stewardess. We'd better not wake her up by rocking the ship."

The girl said: "Don't do that. She's been looking terribly tired the last two days. I don't believe she's been sleeping."

"She's asleep now, so Gillian says."

"I know. Don't do anything to wake her."

"What's the trouble?"

She was silent, and then with a sudden intuition he asked: "Doesn't Prince Charles want the job?"

"Something like that—I don't know," she said. "It's something very serious, whatever it is. We'd better not talk about it, David."

He grinned at her. "What a bloody nuisance children are! I don't know why anybody ever has any."

The girl sat in silence for a minute or two. Then she said: "It's so awful, David, because she's such a nice person, herself. If she was arrogant or proud, it'd be easier in a way, because then one wouldn't feel so terribly sorry for her. But for such a simple, decent little woman to have these huge responsibilities and difficulties, and all the family troubles mixed up and a part of it . . . it's too bad."

Presently Ryder appeared, to take over the control, and Rosemary went aft to her seat. David lay down on the berth and slept for an hour; when he woke up it was four o'clock and time for afternoon tea. He drank a cup of tea and washed his face, and then went to the navigator's table and set to work to check up the position and work out an E.T.A.

At 6.15 by Ottawa time the flight deck woke to life. David and Ryder settled into their seats, the flight engineer came to his desk of controls immediately behind them, power was reduced and the machine re-trimmed, and they started to let down towards Christmas Island six hundred miles ahead.

ON the flight deck there was a stir. David looked round, and the Queen was at his elbow, with the Consort behind her. He half rose in his seat, but she said: "Don't move, either of you. I can see quite well, standing here."

David sank back into his seat obediently.

She said: "What a wonderful view you have, Captain. It's quite the best place in an aeroplane."

He said: "There's not very much to look at now, madam."

"I know," she said. "There never is when you fly. What sort of a place is Christmas Island, Captain? Have you been there before?"

He said: "It's just a coral island, rather a big one. I've been there several times. It's got coconut plantations round the lagoon. It's quite big for one of these coral islands, about fifteen miles long and ten miles wide. The airstrip's on the north coast."

She asked: "Do many people live there?"

"Not many," he replied. "When I was here last there were only about fifty natives on the coconut plantations, and an Australian manager. There's a District Officer, but he lives at Fanning Island about a hundred and eighty miles away; he comes over now and then. There are generally two officers and about fifteen men of the R.A.A.F. on the airstrip."

"I'm longing to see it."

She asked a few questions about the instruments, but they did not mean a great deal to her, and presently she thanked the pilots and turned to go back to her cabin. As she turned, David said: "Would you like to fly a circuit round the island before we land, madam? I could send and tell you when it comes in sight, if you'd like to come up and see it from here. Or I can fly so that you can see it from the cabin window."

She said: "That's very kind of you, Captain. I should like to come back here."

Three-quarters of an hour later, at

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Dangerous thoughts

HABITS of thought can be dangerous. They breed inflexible minds, cushioned with complacency and closed to new truths. They can also breed cranks.

Most people need to be shocked out of a mental rut, so that they begin to think for themselves.

The time to beware is when you find strong emotion tied up with your thoughts. It is evidence that your thinking is by habit and not by reason.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

"I say, you two are missing all the fun!"

four thousand feet, he asked Frank Cox to tell the Queen that Christmas Island was in sight. She came back to the flight deck and stood between the pilots, staring at the island brilliant in the sun, the emerald and azure tints in the lagoon, the white coral sand. David banked the Ceres round in a wide turn and passed over the airstrip at about a thousand feet. The Queen said: "What a lovely little place! Who lives in the white house by the lagoon, the one with the tennis court?"

"That's the District Officer's residence," David said. "I don't know if he's here now—I don't think he is. I think if he was here we should see his launch in the lagoon, but I don't see anything like it."

She stood staring at the island, and while she stood looking David went on turning, so that he made two full circuits before she withdrew her gaze. "It would be wonderful to spend a few days here," she said quietly. "To have a little time." She turned to David. "Thank you, Captain. You can go in and land."

She went back to the cabin. David flew to the east end of the island with Ryder talking to the control on the radio. He turned over the sea, throttling back and trimming for the approach speed of about two hundred knots and came in for a straight approach on the airstrip. Ryder gave half flap and then full flaps, and David motored the Ceres in just above the coconuts and put down on the runway, ten hours out from Ottawa. There was a thatched building with a utility outside it; he turned and taxied over to that while Ryder poked the Royal Standard up through the hatch. Eleven airmen and one officer stood stiffly to attention in front of the building, as a guard of honour.

The engines stopped; the door was opened and a couple of Fijian natives rolled a gangway forward directed by the officer and the steward at the doorway, and the Queen stepped out to receive the salute and to inspect the guard. The rest of the party followed down the gangway, stretching and savouring the earth again, and David turned to the refuelling with his crew. He saw the Queen and the Consort talking to Macmahon and Frank Cox and the local officer. Then they all got into the utility, with the Queen and the Consort in the cab with the local officer, and Frank Cox and Macmahon in the truck-like body behind.

Fuelling was troublesome on Christmas Island. The kerosene was all in forty gallon drums, and nearly a hundred of these had to be pumped into the machine with a small portable motor pump. It was clear that the operation would take several hours, and David was about to send a message to Frank Cox to tell him there would be a long delay when the group captain returned and came to David working in an overall with his crew.

He said: "We're going to stay here a day or two, Nigger."

"Thank God for that," said the pilot. "I was just going to tell you that we can't take off much before dark, with this pipsqueak pump and all these bloody drums."

"Well, you can take your time. We shan't be going on today. The Queen and the Consort and Macmahon are moving into the District Officer's house. I've fixed up accommodation for the four women in an empty hutment in the camp. You and I, and Ryder, and Dr. Mitchison, go to the mess. The rest go to the camp with the R.A.A.F. bods."

The pilot stood in silence for a moment, conning over his various duties that required adjustment. "We'll have to make a lot of signals," he said. "We'll have to make them quick. We're due in Canberra eight hours from now. There'll be a scream if the Queen's missing, oh my word."

"I know. I'll look after those."

"What about rations?" asked the pilot. "There's sixteen—no, seventeen of us. That must double the white population. Is there enough food?"

"The officer here, Flight Lieutenant Vary—he says that's all right. They've got a lot of tinned stuff in reserve."

David nodded. "All right," he said. "We'd better send all the food we've got in the machine up to the District Officer's house. It'll be better stuff than R.A.A.F. rations."

He glanced at the group captain. "What's it all about? Why are we stopping here?"

"I don't know." Frank Cox hesitated, and then he said: "She's got an awful lot on her plate just at present. I think she wants a rest and time to think about things, where she hasn't got to meet people and put on an act all the time. As soon as she saw this place she wanted to stop here."

Within a quarter of an hour each member of the party was aware of the change of plan. They welcomed the idea of a couple of days' idleness, bathing and sunbathing on a Pacific island; the most delighted people of all were the R.A.A.F. detachment, who were normally stationed upon Christmas Island for nine months at a time. They were bored with sunbathing, bored with football, bored with playing housey-housey; they crowded round the Ceres to examine it and touch it and smell it.

The visitors were inclined to be sleepy, and with one accord retired to their beds after lunch, to sleep and drowse away the heat of the day.

The pilot came to life about an hour before sunset and got up, put on a clean tropical suit, and went into the tiny messroom. He found Flight Lieutenant Vary in consultation with the Filipino cook boy, trying to concoct a dinner worthy of the Royal

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OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

entourage. It was a task that might have daunted a better caterer than Vary, but he was tackling it with enthusiasm. "I thought we'd start off with crayfish mayonnaise," he said. "We've got some tins of crayfish and some tinned tomatoes, and we've got some real lettuces. We've killed a couple of chickens and we'll have those for the main course, with tinned peas and sweet potatoes. And after that, Aguinaldo knows a wizard sweet made of young coconut, ice cream and *crème de menthe*."

"Don't bother to push the boat out for us," David said. "We'll eat what you eat normally." But it was obviously such a pleasure to him to try and put on a good dinner that David said nothing more to damp the project.

"They've got a lot of Chinese lanterns in the store that they bring out for Christmas Day," Vary said. "Do you think that's a good idea?"

ROSEMARY came into the mess with Gillian Foster, the stewardess. They discussed the Chinese lanterns and decided to have one to shroud the naked bulb that dangled above the table on its length of flex. The stewardess went off to the District Officer's house to see about her duties over there, and as the sun sank to the horizon David and Rosemary walked along the shore at the head of the beach and strolled slowly through the grove of casuarina trees that fringed the sand of the lagoon.

The lagoon was roughly square in shape. Two coral reefs ran out from the mainland to the north and to the south, covered in sand and coconut trees, and these formed the entrance to the lagoon facing the west; in the middle was a small coral island.

"That's Cook Island," said the pilot. "Captain Cook discovered this place on Christmas Eve—that's why it's called Christmas Island." He paused. "You see the two points of land on each side of the entrance? The north one—that one—that's called London. The other one, the south one, that's called Paris."

"Who called them that, Nigger?"

"I don't know. They're always called London and Paris. Someone who was stationed here, I suppose."

They strolled on, and now they were in sight of the District Officer's house. Strolling towards them was another couple, arm in arm, a tall, slight, grey-haired man and a short, plumpish woman in late middle age, both dressed in tropical white. The pilot said: "Look. Had we better go back?"

Rosemary said: "No. Just walk past naturally, Nigger."

The Queen stopped as they came up and said: "Good evening, Captain. Good evening, Miss Long. Isn't this a beautiful place?"

"I think it's simply lovely," said the girl.

The pilot smiled. "I've been telling Rosemary about London and Paris, madam," he said.

"London and Paris?"

He explained the names and the Queen laughed. "How absurd!" She asked about the accommodation. "I do hope everybody's going to be comfortable," she said. "I've been feeling rather bad about it—the accommodation. It's all right for us, of course. We've got the dearest little house."

Rosemary said: "I think everybody's very happy, madam. Everyone I've spoken to seems to be enjoying it so far."

David said: "The R.A.A.F. are perfectly delighted."

"I'm so glad. I wish we could see more of these small places." She paused, and then she said: "Do either of you two play tennis?"

Rosemary hesitated, and then said: "I'm an awful rabbit."

"I play a bit," the pilot said. "For fun."

"I expect you're much better than we are," the Queen replied. "We discovered four tennis racquets in the house. Two of them have got broken strings, and they're all a bit soft; I suppose that's the climate. Would you two like to come and try a set or two with us tomorrow evening?"

"We'd love to," said Rosemary.

"Oh, that will be nice. Say about half-past four. That will give us an hour and a half before sunset."

They parted, and strolled on in different directions. For a time David and Rosemary walked together in silence. "She's such a *human* little woman," the girl said at last. "It's bad luck, having a job like hers."

In the dusk they turned and walked back to the mess. Dinner was arranged for seven o'clock in order that Gillian Foster could get over to the District Officer's house to help to serve the meal there at eight o'clock. It was a very merry dinner in the mess, with Australian sherry, Australian claret and Australian port. Under the Chinese lantern the thick plates and the service cutlery looked almost delicate, and the crayfish mayonnaise made by the Filipino boy was delicious, if rather heavily spiced to hide the slight metallic taste. Rosemary said crayfish disagreed with her, and didn't have any.

There was nothing much to do after they had finished eating except to sit on the veranda and talk, looking out over the lagoon in the bright moonlight. Everyone was tired with the long day and flight from Ottawa; one by one they made excuses and slipped away. By half-past nine David was in bed.

LATE that night he had a horrible dream. He dreamed he was dying. It seemed to him that he was lying on a bed in a dark room, and he was very cold and sweating at the same time. He had an appalling, tearing pain in his abdomen and his legs seemed to be paralysed, and everything about him stank. His body stank of stale sweat, the bed stank of dirty linen, and there was a vile, unnatural flavour in his mouth and nose. He knew in some way that this disgusting fragrance could relieve his pain and he struggled feebly to move his hands to renew it, but no motion came to them.

There was a man sitting by the bedside and holding his hand. His hand was as hot as David's was cold, and both were sweating freely so that it was as if they were holding hands beneath the water. This man was ill and wandering in his mind; he was a priest, too, and a good cobber who got beds for fellows with bad ears, but he was away out of his mind now and wandering in a crazy world of harps and angels' wings

There was a woman there, a sister from a hospital who could do nothing to relieve his pain because a crocodile had eaten her medicine case, and so she had gone to sleep; she sat there at the table with her head upon her arms, and he was left alone with the mad priest in the darkness. The place that he was in was a tumbledown house or shack upon an island in the middle of great floods and all the animals in the world had come through the darkness and the floods, and were grouped in a circle round the house in the intermittent moonlight. They were getting closer every minute. . . . The tearing, tearing pain.

IN the darkness there was a glow of light, like a bloke that might be holding half an inch of candle in a saucer, where the edge of the saucer hid the candle and the flame and you could only see the glow. And in this glow there was a face, yellow and wrinkled, the face of an old Chinaman floating in the air before his eyes. The face floated before his eyes in the darkness, and the lips moved, and they said: "You want a pipe, Stevie?"

The words somehow meant relief. He tried to speak but no sound came; he looked imploringly into the eyes, and the face said: "Or-right, I get you pipe."

There was a period then, while some familiar movements were going on quite close to him, that promised a relief from pain, and then the vile fragrance that he welcomed was upon him once again, and in his mouth and in the back of his nose. Now he could relax, free from the pain. Now, he could turn to the dream, England, and Ratmalana, and Fairbairn aerodrome at Canberra, all across the world, backwards and forwards, all across the world and carrying the Queen. Christmas Island in the middle of the Pacific, and being in love. . . .

[Abridged by John Bull]

To be continued next week

THE BARGAIN WIFE

Continued from page 8

mother's words had disturbed him.

Three days after the death of his cow, Charlie Yellowfoot's house was again visited by April Bear Claw. This time she brought the new cow.

Again, when Charlie came home from work, it was late. But the fourth daughter of Bear Claw was still at the house, and Charlie watched her movements as she prepared his supper. His mother had spoken the truth, for the deer was in her step. She hummed as she cooked, very low, very quietly; and the voice of the thrush was in her throat. But, because his mother was nearly blind, she had not seen, as Charlie did now, that the spirit of the stars was in April Bear Claw's eyes and the ripeness of summer was on her skin and her lips wore the spirit of the wild cherries in the forest.

When the dishes were washed, and the floor had been swept once more, Charlie went ahead of April Bear Claw to the road and then through the darkness of the woods towards her home.

He would never have admitted that he took her home because he felt she would be afraid of the spirits of the dark. He simply walked in front of her towards her home, and the woods rustled in the breeze that had sprung up in the evening. Behind him, her feet made no sound.

Then in the darkness he heard her cry out behind him, heard the sound of her falling. He turned and went back to her but she had risen already. She looked at him, and the spirit of the moonlight came through the trees and touched her face and her eyes with beauty.

Charlie clamped his jaws together, and then he said: "The squaw of the son of a chief should not pick up money from the ground." But when he saw the pleasure in her eyes, he was sorry he had said it because he knew she was thinking that it meant he would accept her. So he turned, and they went on until the yellow lights of Bear Claw's house were in sight.

"Another mouth to feed," Charlie said, and he saw her eyes lose the spirit of the sun and cry like the rain. He turned away feeling worse than before and went back through the woods to his home.

To his mother he said: "A great warrior like Charlie Yellowfoot does not need a squaw."

HIS mother made a sound in her throat. She pulled the blanket up tighter, where the girl had straightened and smoothed it for her, and said: "Are you greater than your father, Charlie Yellowfoot? Are you greater than the hunter of bears and killer of moose and the leader of war parties? The last chief of the people—your father—was greater than any, yet he took a wife. Are you the son of your father? Are you great enough to take mouths to feed?" His mother had never spoken so sharply to him.

Charlie went out to the barn where the cow was still in the stall. She was a good cow, of a yellow-red colour like the autumn leaves, and she chewed her cud with a healthy motion. Then he stood and looked out of the door at the moonlight over the ground and at the light in the window of the house. "April Yellowfoot," he said aloud, for that would be the girl's name when they were married by the minister. Another mouth to feed—but a pretty mouth with the ripeness of wild cherries in it. She had a step of a deer and the voice of a thrush.

He swung out of the barn and started towards the house and suddenly he heard the scream of the lynx in the marsh by the river. His face darkened with foreboding. He thought of what had happened before and wondered if it wasn't perhaps bad even now to bring April Bear Claw to his home. But he remembered the colour of her lips and that his mother needed the cow and that he was the son of a mighty chief. He went to the house and took the sixteen dollars and five cents and went to Bear Claw's.

"Good," Bear Claw said, and took the money. His eyes did not blink.

Charlie put his hat back on, and as he turned there was April Bear Claw standing near the door, with her belongings in a bag at her side. Her lips were like cherries and the spirit of the lynx moved in Charlie's heart, and he wondered if she had had her bag packed before he came.

When they went through the woods again, Charlie fell over the root that had tripped April Bear Claw earlier in the evening. On his feet again, shamefaced, he turned to look at her, and the spirit of the lynx came back to him and they smiled at each other.

Then the son of the last chief of the tribe took the bag from his wife-to-be. They went out to the road and turned right towards the minister's house; and the spirit of the lynx went with them through the ripe, ripe moonlight.

THE END

CHAMPION'S DECISION

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

"You'll have to excuse the mess, Bert—the wife's away visiting her people this week"

NANCY AND THE ASSASSIN

Continued from page 11

reluctantly, until she met a policeman; then she could hand him over. At the end of the street he swung right again, along a wider road that had old Chinese houses, schools and club-rooms with dingy courtyards down both sides.

Now there were plenty of people about, but not a single policeman. Earlier in the evening she had constantly passed Malay policemen; now there wasn't one anywhere. The same with the soldiers. She'd met dozens of them, darkly sun-tanned English soldiers on local leave from the jungle war against the terrorists, in her hour ashore. Not one to be seen now.

She was feeling embarrassed as well as uneasy. The murderer was one of the most inconspicuous objects in the town, a youngish, ordinary-looking Chinese in a red tee-shirt and cotton trousers and sandals; whereas she was one of the most conspicuous, a young white woman taller than most of the men in Chinatown, walking alone in a yellow play dress and recognizable at a hundred yards by the flash and gleam of her amber hair.

THE police car carried no siren and it was only twenty yards away, approaching at sixty, when she recognized it. She threw up both hands and advanced blinking into the glare of the headlights; but the Malay driver, with a frown of impatience, swerved round her and the car roared on its way. To the scene of the bomb outrage, she supposed. . . .

A group of Indians came out of a meeting place and suddenly she couldn't see the pointed shoulders any more. Accelerating, she passed through the screen of chattering Indians. When one of them gave her a sharp glance she realized she was muttering aloud the number of the getaway car. "S.08661, S.08661."

She saw a spiky elbow disappearing into a coffee shop down a narrow, vividly lit side street with open-air stalls, and in the same moment she saw the policeman. He came strolling towards her in his black pillbox hat and black puttees, his handsome Malay face contemptuous of the undignified hustle of the Chinese who crowded the street.

Nancy said breathlessly: "Gosh, I'm glad to see you! Look, there's a man in that coffee shop. . . ."

She stopped. He had moved back an inch, meeting her urgent eyes with a lost, shy smile. He said something apologetic in Malay and she realized he didn't understand English.

She'd heard English spoken by young and old of all races that evening, but in this humble street nobody looked capable of translating for her. The policeman was pointing back the way she had come, maybe directing her to a police station. She shook her head as if it didn't matter and he smiled handsomely and went on.

A hawker was selling patent medicines from a stall. Unhappy at the attention she attracted, Nancy stood in the group that listened to his dramatic sales talk, watching the coffee-house door over their heads.

WHEN he came out, smoking unconcernedly, and turned along the street, she swung after him. The night was hot. The street was like an overheated room. Brushing a hair back from her damp brow, she felt strangely alone in the crowd that an hour ago had seemed so friendly.

Anyway, she told herself, in a matter of minutes now she'd meet that English-speaking policeman or a couple of English soldiers and she could pass on her responsibility and take a taxi back to the waterfront.

Had the killer guessed he was being tailed? Surely not, by the careless way he threw down his cigarette and turned in through a door under a small neon sign that said "NEW MOON HOTEL" in Chinese and English. Surely not.

So would this be her exit cue? Certainly she couldn't go through that door among the crowd of Chinese who spat as vigorously as they talked above the clatter of Mah Jongg bricks and the clink of bottles. Maybe she'd call it a day now. But first she'd tip-toe down the narrow lane alongside the hotel and peep through the barred, glassless window.

Hope flared up and died in the same second as she heard a voice talking in clipped, easy English close to the window. She saw the back of a greased head, a sharp shoulder and a bony hand holding a telephone. Speaking English was more private, she supposed, in that crowd of uneducated Chinese. . . .

". . . send Lee with car to ferry. No, I still in town. Tyre punctured. Have Lee wait for me at ferry. Have to wait liddle time because I got one more job. Just loose end to clear up. . . . No, easy. Just somebody too inquisitive. Ten minutes I fix it. . . . I tell you later. . . ."

Sentence of death. There it was, and she imagining maybe he wasn't smart enough to know he was being tailed! Panic for two or three seconds and then she was after him again as he came out and turned back down the street.

But no, *she* wasn't following *him* any more. He might be in front, but now *he* was tailing *her*. She had only to turn and run to prove that. . . .

As they turned once again down

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another crowded street, a deep growl of thunder sounded from the gigantic cloud that had blotted out the moon and stars. Night swallows flew to their nests under the arcaded sidewalks, their twitterings drowned by the clamour of half a dozen blaring radios and the cymbals and fire-crackers of a party celebrating something in a corner café. A heavy raindrop splashed on her brow, and then another.

When he made a second left turn down a narrow entry, she recognized her exit cue. If she turned *now* and ran he might not be able to find her when he turned back among the dense crowd. But it would have to be now. In a minute or two the cloud would burst and the flooded streets would be empty.

She gave in with a little sigh. She'd done her best. But the last remnant of that pioneer's stubborn curiosity made her just peep down the narrow entry. She took one step out of the lighted street and saw nobody, only darkness with distorted, ruined walls against an almost black sky. After one quick glance she turned back.

Only she had left it too late.

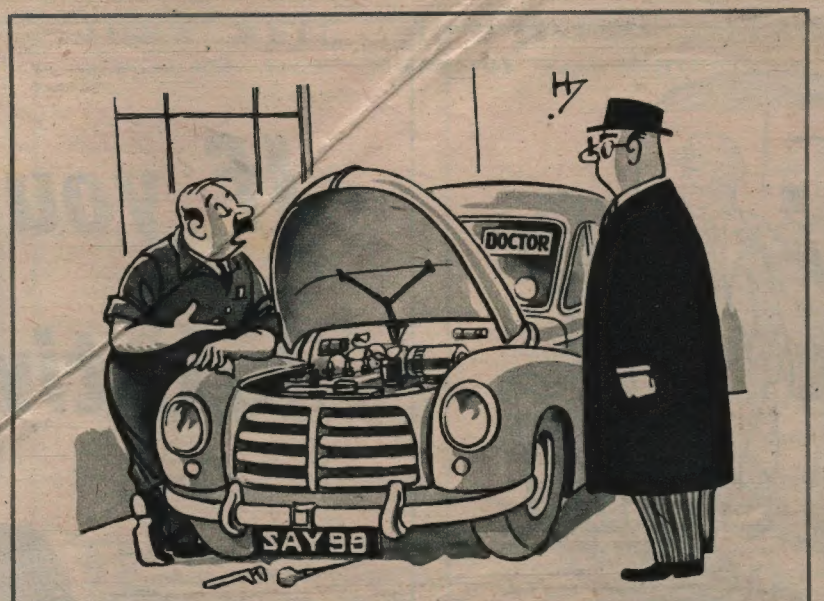
Just as she turned, a long, blue lightning flash shuddered over the island. It showed her, in horrifying close-up, the face of the assassin. He stood in a narrow, dark opening just like the one in which he had trapped her while he lay in wait for his victim. Now it was herself he was waiting for.

BEFORE the lightning faded and his hands seized her, she glimpsed a face that was sharp like his shoulders, with hard, small eyes and thin, parted lips through which something gleamed. A gold tooth. Then it was dark again and rigid fingers that smelt of stale tobacco closed over her mouth and nostrils, strangling the cry that had no chance anyway in all the clamour of the street behind them.

While panic closed over her once again, he dragged her back into the opening and crushed her against the wall while he raised his greasy head and listened to a radio voice in English blaring over their heads.

"News has just come in," the announcer's voice boomed, "that Dr. Lo Khye Chee, the distinguished Penang surgeon and civic leader, was killed this evening in a bomb outrage in Penang. He died a few minutes after an unknown assailant threw a bomb as he left a meeting he had addressed in Pantok Street. Dr. Lo had frequently emphasized the responsibility of the Chinese community in Malaya to play a worthy part in the war on Chinese terrorism. . . ."

Nancy surfaced from her plunge into



"Look at it this way—a machine is like the human body"

panic and began to fight for her life. She worked it out that Dr. Lo's murderer wouldn't be armed. To carry any weapon would have been insane when an unlucky encounter with a policeman in the first minutes of the getaway might have entailed a search. No, a body-search now would reveal no scrap of evidence against him. Only her evidence stood between him and freedom. Her life, that meant.

She fought. Her first convulsive struggle broke his hold, but as she stumbled back she was immediately a prisoner again. Pain tearing at her arms and legs drove her close to panic again till a lightning flash showed her that it was a fence of barbed wire that had caught her. But it had saved her from a drop of twenty feet into what must have been the cellar of a bombed-out building. The whole area of darkness, she saw now, was a blitzed block between two re-built streets.

The flash revealed her to the terrorist, too, and it was his arms that freed her brutally from the barbed wire. His cruel fingers fastened so suddenly and violently on her throat that they felt like the fangs of a monstrous snake.

For a nightmare minute she fought the suffocating fingers; another minute, but this time there was no loosening the lock on her throat. By the time the heavy footsteps and the close-up English shout broke through the tortured pounding in her ears they had a curious unreality, like a dream.

"This way, Curly. It's a short cut."

The soldiers were there, but too late. They ran by, within a few inches of Nancy and her enemy, in the utter darkness between two lightning flashes. A sudden cool wind followed them and one of them shouted "'Ere it comes!" as the cloud collapsed like a Niagara, throwing what felt like an ocean wave across Nancy and the murderer.

THE shock of it swung her momentarily back to full and agonizing consciousness. Her right foot, in its strong, leather-soled sandal, stamped down with all her weight on his left instep. She didn't know it, but she'd discovered a commando close-in fighting trick for herself and it worked, as it always does. The terrorist lurched as he raised his injured foot and when he was off balance she threw herself back and the strangle-hold broke.

A lightning flash that turned the wall of suffocating rain blue showed her the path and the two tall soldiers, their shoulders hunched against the rain, running for shelter. Away from her.

She recognized the moment. It was now, or it was never. There was no time for trial and error, no time for words, for explanations. She had to make the two soldiers her allies and they must understand, and react, instantaneously.

She acted.

With the limping terrorist almost at her heels, she grabbed her dress at the shoulders with her two hands and ripped it violently downwards and then she screamed like a soul falling into hell and threw up her arms into the blaze of another violet flash.

And yes, one of the soldiers heard. She saw him turn, just as splashing, limping footsteps reached the step on which she stood, and she began running desperately down the long path towards them. Then it was pitch dark again and her sodden, naked shoulders shrank from the bony fingers groping for them.

When the drenched soldier crashed into her just as a rain-dimmed flash revealed them to each other, she saw the killer turn back, saw his sharp shoulders silhouetted against the black, blitzed walls. She pointed after him and both youngsters, after shocked glances at her ravaged dress and distorted face, plunged down the lane in pursuit.

By the time they dragged him to where she waited, restoring the tattered, drenched ribbons of her dress to some semblance of decency, he had paid the first instalment of his punishment. One eye was closed and puffy and there was blood on his mouth.

"This 'im, miss?"

She said: "That's him."

The curly-headed cockney turned grimly on the terrorist, whose arm he held in an effective lock. "It's a shame to hand a rat's bastard like you over to the police." He turned to Nancy. "What d'you say to me and my mate sortin' 'im out 'ere and now?"

She said: "No. Please come with me to the police station."

The killer cut in with a sudden snarl.

"She making fool of you. She hysterical—can't you see? She just follow me around. I never touch her."

Curly glared. "You can give the police that, and see how they like it."

At the police station the Chinese inspector's eyes widened a millimetre when Nancy cut in on Curly's misleading story.

"Forget that. This man threw the bomb that killed Dr. Lo an hour ago. I saw him." She touched the rags over her breast. "This was just an act I had to put on to get these boys on his trail in a hurry."

The spiky shoulders rose in an

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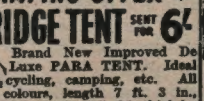

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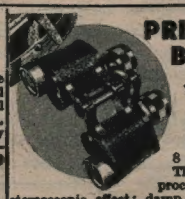

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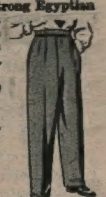

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eloquent shrug. In sober, man-to-man tones, the terrorist began talking to the inspector in Chinese. After a while the inspector asked Nancy who she was. And how, he asked next, did she come to be wandering alone in Pantok Street at night.

"I wanted to look-see," she answered. "Penang after dark. You know how it is."

The inspector blinked. The two soldiers frowned.

Nancy said deliberately: "I saw him throw the bomb. I was right behind him. He tried to escape in a blue Austin, number S.08661, but it had a puncture so he left it and I shadowed him till I could get help. That's all."

Glancing down at the paper on his desk, the inspector said that car S.08661, reported stolen at seven o'clock, had been found abandoned with a flat tyre at the end of Pantok Street.

The terrorist looked less happy and the soldiers looked happier.

"He had the bomb in that pocket." She pointed suddenly to the terrorist's hip pocket. "It was in there with some papers."

The inspector said something in Chinese and the gold tooth flashed in a scornful smirk. Bony fingers pushed into the hip pocket of the sodden trousers and pulled it inside out with a contemptuous gesture. Something small flashed and fell at the inspector's feet.

Curly stared and pounced.

"Well, I'll go to hell!" he swore. "The safety pin off a grenade."

NEXT morning, a senior police officer visited Nancy on board. "We all think it was a damned good show and I'm very proud to bring you our congratulations. We've been after that brute for two years and he's thrown at least six bombs in that time. Experienced enough, you'd have thought, to know better than keep a safety pin on him as a souvenir." And he paused, eyebrows raised discreetly.

Nancy confessed.

"I suppose you'd say I framed him. I mean, I picked up that safety pin thing right after he'd thrown the bomb and ran away. And then, when he finally caught me, I got to thinking there was only my word against his and of course he wouldn't be armed and even if he was searched there'd be nothing to give him away. Then when he started to choke me and we were fighting it out his pockets were wide open so I . . . gave him back his safety pin."

The senior grey eyes twinkled.

"I don't think there's any need to add that to your statement," he said. With a glance at her pile of letters and newly addressed envelopes he murmured: "But I mustn't keep you. You'll want to catch the mail before you sail. Well, you've certainly got something to write home about!"

"Yes," Nancy said, and her conscience-stricken glance up at Aunt Grace couldn't mask the satisfaction in her voice. THE END

LIFE WITH FATHER

Here is the missing person from the photograph on page 24. He is the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, with his son, Adrian Conan Doyle.

WIN a FAMILY HOLIDAY!

"WE had a lovely time—lots of fun and, above all, a real *family* holiday!" In those words, Mr. W. Jackson (83 Brewerton Road, Oldham) summed up the glorious seaside week he spent at Filey last summer with his wife and children. That "Family Holiday" accompanied the First Prize cheque he won for a *Bullet*.

A £100 "Family Holiday" award, for this year or next, will be *yours* as winner of this week's First Prize. Mr. Jackson went to Filey; other JOHN BULL holiday winners have chosen Blackpool, Torquay, Llandudno, Bournemouth and Eastbourne. Where would *you* go?

Keep your favourite resort in mind as you enjoy making *Bullets* for your coupon below—and see that you post your entry by Monday, July 6.

"BULLETS" and XWORD AWARDS VALUE OVER

£1,000

"Bullets" 1st Prize:

£100 FAMILY HOLIDAY and £300 CASH

Choose your week (this summer *or* next), choose any seaside resort, invite one, two or three companions (grown-ups or youngsters) and travel there by private car. JOHN BULL provides travel, hotel accommodation, entertainments, etc., etc., up to a total cost of £100, to ensure you all a perfect seaside holiday.

(Cash offer in lieu if winner unable to take holiday.)

£25, £20, £15, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, £5, 10 of £2.10s.

50 "Bullets" Season Tickets

1,500 "Use-as-you-choose" Awards

"3 LUXURY MEALS" BONUS

Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

FINE HOLIDAY OFFER FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues — **XWORD 844**

1. This makes constant work for those who have to keep it in order
4. Can help to remove certain kinds of stain
7. When young puppy's is pinched, it may well be thoroughly deserved
8. Even people buying them don't know their dimensions
9. If motorist is on this he may be turning corner
13. What you get in a theatre
14. Collecting of this may involve risks
15. Modern farmer probably needs more than one kind of this

Down Clues

2. Should be carefully packed or it may well get broken
3. Now and again melting glacier must make this run cold
5. It's a help if there's a supply of water in
6. Workman with bully of a foreman will in great many cases do this
10. For one to take complete possession of a man is bad
11. It's nothing for successful jockey to have a pretty tough one
12. One is apt to underrate the courage and brains of this creature

£100 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS £25 SEASIDE HOLIDAY

(If prize shared, £25 Holiday Cash similarly divided)

AWARDS VALUE £25

among 1st Runners-up and up to

25 SURPRISE PARCELS

containing 20 extras to help fill your larder—one Parcel with each Runner-up Award value £1 or over.

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

£100 and HOLIDAY WON—XWORD 839

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Horses. 7, Fear. 8, Coal. 9, Bores. 12, Barn. 13, Bits. 14, Drums. DOWN: 1, Hard. 2, Swot. 3, Tote. 4, Peer. 5, Shake. 6, Leg. 10, Snobs. 11, Bob.

WINNER of £100 plus £25 HOLIDAY AWARD: H. Wilson, Wellfield House West, Todmorden, Lancs.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 15 entrants, each of whom receives Summer Surprise Parcel in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

WIN £100 and HOLIDAY with this COUPON

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 18.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

1	R	A	S	S			2		3	
	E	M		4P		T	R	O	L	
5		P	A			F	A	R	O	
U	6M		7P	A			T		O	
8B	O		T	S		9	E	10N	D	
					11					
H	E	L	12P		I	R	A	T	E	
					D	A	L	I		
	P	E	K	O	E		13B	O		
14	O	N	E	Y		15	E	N	844	

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **844** Closing Postmark MON., JULY 6

I enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

A *Bullet* helped to build this sand-castle for Mr. and Mrs. Jackson's boy

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Globe-trotter Winston
United We Stand, So
The Cruel Sea
Dictator Duty
For The Joy Of It
Looks Hopeful
Woman At Work
Day After Day
To Get To The Top
Level-headed Chap
Coming To Stay
Might Be A Good Thing
Fairly And Squarely
Fell On His Feet
Village Lindwall
Happy As A Sandboy
A Bit Stuffy
In A Gorgeous Uniform
Almost A Joke
At The Holiday Camp

Incomplete Examples" —see instructions

Our .....Home
Peach Of A.....
Straight To The.....
On The Landlady's.....
Didn't See The.....
Auntie Lost Her.....And

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,892 (or Xword 844), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"Bullets" Winners 1,887

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Swiss Holiday for Two: H. High, 51 Edilom Road, Crumpsall, Manchester:

If I Had A Wish
Elizabeth's Reign *All* "Jums"!

£50: D. H. Colclough, 49 Charminster Road, Bournemouth: ULTIMATUM TO AMERICA—RUSSIA, *World*—ATOMIC FORMULA.

£25: A. W. Harris, 15 King Street, Treforest, Pontypridd: IF I HAD A BRAINY—HUSBAND—*Thoughtfulness* MISSING, PERHAPS.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: G. A. Widmann, 63 Roman Way, Bristol: GRANDPA'S SWORD—AND DAD'S—NOW *Hers*. £9: J. L. Haw, 11 Field View, Burton Stone Lane, York: BAD FOR LIBERTY—IF "BROOM" DISPLACES "TORCH." £8: H. Hargreaves, 12 Winslow Green, Chaddesden, Derby: CALLS FOR COURAGE—STANDING UP TO—*Children*. £7: T. Jones, 74 Endbutt Lane, Liverpool: IN THE RACE FOR RICHES—AMERICA *Uneasy* FIRST. £6: W. H. Moore, 80 Chalvington Road, Chandler's Ford, Hants: IF I HAD A FORTUNE—I'D TELL FOREMAN *His*! £5: Mrs. E. Duckham, 10 Canton Street, Bristol: OPENED THE WINDOW—DOCTOR—HIS *First* "PRESCRIPTION." £5: Mrs. H. E. Morgan, 10 Pipers Lane, Edgmond, Newport, Salop: BACK TO AMERICA—TOURISTS—TO BACK *Britain*!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, 50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated July 25, and in JOHN BULL dated August 1), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 18, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,892 result.)

See next week's offer for RIVIERA HOLIDAYS!

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. ..... 6d.

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.

NOTE BONUS OFFER ABOVE for FULLY COMPLETED COUPON

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

1,892
Closing Postmark MON., JULY 6

MAY WE SEND YOU THIS GUIDE TO SUCCESS? For practical help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, stick 2½d. stamp on right—this brings you *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated July 18. 705

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "Bulletin"

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